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JAMES L. BACON, Editor and Prop[illegible]

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TWO YOUNG GIRLS' HEROIC RESCUE OF BOY

Edward Higgen Fell Through Thin Ice on the Pond.

GIRLS SHOWED UNUSUAL BRAVERY

Ruth Rice and Addie Schlabig, Each Aged Nine Years, Save Young Higgen From Drowning Late Monday Afternoon—None of Them Were Injured.

Edward Higgen, a ten-year-old boy of this place had a very narrow escape from drowning late Monday afternoon, and only for the great bravery and unusual presence of mind of Addie Schlabig, the nine-year-old daughter of Mrs. Minnie Schlabig, and Ruth Rice, the nine-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rice, he undoubtedly would have lost his life in the pond, off Mill street.

The three children were playing together on the ice with a sled. They were taking turns drawing each other on the sled and while Higgen was drawing the two girls he unconsciously stepped out on some thin ice, where some men had been cutting out ice that morning and only a thin crust had frozen over, and immediately sank into water over his head.

The girls, young as they are, instantly realized that he would drown before they could go and call help, so they decided to try and get him out themselves, notwithstanding the fact that Edward is much larger than either of them. They sat down on the sound ice and edged up to the hole, where he was hanging, half frozen, by his fingers and in some way which they cannot explain, managed to render him sufficient assistance to get out. He went to his home and after getting a change of clothes was none the worse for his thrilling experience.

The cool-headed heroism shown by these little girls is seldom found in persons much older and it would be no more than giving them their just dues if they were to receive a Carnegie medal for their excellent work.

SUICIDE IN BRADFORD.

A Rochester Man in Hard Luck Ends His Life Monday.

Tuesday's Era says: In Koch's undertaking rooms is the dead body of a Rochester man, named Charles L. Thayer, 62 years old, whose life was ended in this city yesterday afternoon. The man was a suicide.

It was not long after 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon when Thayer was observed in front of the St. James hotel as he suddenly sank down on a window ledge, overcome by deadly sickness. He was pale and apparently in great distress. Soon he lapsed into unconsciousness. Then he was carried into the building and Koch's ambulance was called. He was hurried to the hospital and died soon after that institution was reached.

Drs. Ash and O'Hern were both called but they could do nothing for the sufferer. He had swallowed carbolic acid. The partly filled vial from which he had quaffed the death dealing drug was found in a pocket in the man's clothing.

Coroner Sherman gave permission to have the corpse taken to Koch's undertaking establishment. From papers in the man's pocket it was learned that he was Charles L. Thayer of No. 199 South avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

No money was found in the dead man's pockets. He was "down and out."

An inquiry make by the Era, last evening, brought information from the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle to the following effect:

Thayer was a tinsmith. He left home Saturday night, intoxicated. His family did not know where he was going. There was no known reason for his coming to Bradford, nor for his suicide. He had been a sufferer from asthma for the past 30 years and had been out of regular work for the past four or five years. He was employed occasionally as janitor in a theatre building.

He is survived by a widow; two sons aged 20 and 9 years respectively, and one daughter, 14 years of age. The eldest son will be here to-day after his father's remains.

BION BUTLER'S NOVEL.

"The Church on Quintuple Mountain" Title of Oil Country Story.

Tom M. McClellan, editor of the Mt. Jewett Herald gives the following writeup of Bion H. Butler's new novel, "The Church on Quintuple Mountain." Mr. Butler is one of the best known "oil country" editors and writers in the country and his story evidently gets down close to nature. Mr. McClellan says:

Few sections, if any, on this earth outside of those which figure in Holy writ, or as the scenes of the world's great battles, have been more frequently treated in story than the Oil Regions of Pennsylvania. And yet, there has never, until the present, appeared a story possessing even "surface indications" of a knowledge of Oil Region life and character to a degree that would stamp it as worthy of serious consideration by the men and women of Olldom; a "sure enough" story of life in the lands of oil, and the people thereof. A people peculiar to their land and occupation; a people, that from the very nature of their occupation, are gamblers pure, if not simple. Not gamblers of the shoe-string brand, nor of the shell game, nor yet of the cold deck brand. But of the great-hearted, broad-minded brand—the brand of men who, with their eyes wide open, and courage of the best, take the long last chance on the way to fortune or to poverty, as the drill deals the cards on its way to the "sand" wet or dry.

But this "sure enough" story of the lands of oil and the people thereof, has at last been written, has been written by a man endowed by nature with a comprehension of men and things to a degree which enables him to delve among the "lower sands" of the great field of humanity, and bring to the surface but the best grades of all the strange things which lie hidden there.

In the "Lower Country," in Bradiana, Texas, California, and on the far-off shores of the Caspian sea, this man has clasped hands with the men of the drill, and harkened to the story of sands and grades of all the oils that flow. And yet, broad as is, his education in oil, it is as nothing compared with the knowledge he has gleaned of those who cast their lot in the shadow of the derrick, and know best the music of the hammer and the drill. And it is from this knowledge, supported by an appreciation of the great underlying goodness of the men of Olldom, that he has distilled his story.

And we have read it? Yes, it was our pleasure to first hear it read in the cozy comfort of the cottage at Valhalla Farms, the home of the author, Bion H. Butler, situated among the trees on the sand hills near Southern Pines, in the Tar Heel state, where Mr. Butler and the members of his family lead the life of Southern planters—yes, do better; lead the lives of Southern planters to a level of higher efficiency in the tilling of their land, and the growing of crops. And again we read it in person, and thus we speak by the book, declaring it the best portrayal of oil country character thus far brought forth.

The story of "The Church on Quintuple Mountain" opens in a gambling joint, as many another story of oil country life, written and unwritten, has opened. But in this particular instance the subject before the house is the suggestion that money be raised for the building of a church edifice, that those upon whom the duty falls may more readily indicate the route to heaven, even though the number seeking passage thereby be but few; and from the opening chapter to the last word, the story reeks of that "peculiar something," which stamps the oil man as of a kind by himself.

Masked in agreeable manner is every foible, every failing, yet through all glows that flame of human sympathy which rises no higher anywhere on earth than in the country of oil, and among its people.

If there be a single feature of the story which occasions regret, it is that so many of the characters of prominence therein—men of prominence in the life of the community at the foot of Quintuple, have passed over The Mountain to the great valley which lies beyond, ere they could see themselves as they were, and are yet seen, by real men everywhere.

The book is being issued from the press of Foss, Stradely & Butler, Southern Pines, N. C., and will appear in cloth binding, every-day novel size, of about 225 pages. Judging from advance sheets, it will be an entirely creditable product. The price will be at least $1.25 and possibly $1.50. For the present, however, to those who would possess themselves one of the first volumes off the press, it will be forwarded for $1.35 remitted to the above address.

ANOTHER STABBING AFFRAY.

Two Italians Get Into an Altercation and One Is Nearly Killed—The Assailant Makes His Escape.

Monday's Kane Republican says: Another stabbing affray occurred on Moffit avenue at an early hour on Sunday morning which come very near resulting in murder and it may result in the man's death, as he is very badly cut.

The particulars, as gleaned by a representative of the Republican, from County Detective Jones, are as follows:

Louie Jaffa, a young Italian who is employed on the B. & O. railroad and who is a paroled prisoner from the Huntingdon, Pa., reformatory, came up town Saturday evening and proceeded to get drunk. Chief of Police Ives came across him and a companion about 11 o'clock, and after searching Jaffa he sent him home, but locked up his companion. Jaffa boarded at Joe Plume's on Moffit avenue and roomed with another countrymen by the name of Joe Tedell, who was also on parole from the Huntingdon reformatory. When Jaffa arrived home Tedell was in bed and asleep. Jaffa picked a quarrel and after some arguments the men concluded to go outside and settle their differences. Tedell got up and dressed himself and the two men went out and up the avenue a short distance, where they evidently settled matters, as in about an hour from the time the men went out Jaffa staggered into the house and fell down fainting from the loss of wounds all over the body.

The police were notified and they came and took the man to the hospital, where it was necessary to inject a solution of salt water into the veins in order to keep up the heart action and for a time it was thought the man would die, but he recovered somewhat, and although very weak is a little improved at this writing. District Attorney Wilson and County Detective Jones were notified and they came over from the county seat and Mr. Jones is now endeavoring to find Tedell, but thus far his search has proved futile, but Mr. Jones is not discouraged as he believes he will eventually land his man behind prison bars.

DAIRY AND FOOD REPORT.

Commissioner Foust Gives Brief Review of the Work Done in This Department.

Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 23.—Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust, reviewing the work of his Division for the year 1911, says that in many respects, it was a record-breaker. The receipts from fines and license fees totaled $120,993.48, while the total expenditures for the year were only $83,083.13. In other words, the collections for the period exceeded the expenditures by $37,910.33, a sum total equal to nearly one-half the total expenditures. In 1910, the excess of receipts over expenditures was $31,000 in round figures.

By provision of law, all monies collected by the Division are turned over to the State Treasury for the use of the Commonwealth, and all expenditures made under fixed legislative appropriations. The protective service the Division can perform for the public must be measured not by the fines and fees collected, but by the appropriations set apart for its work.

During 1911, 8,200 samples were purchased and examined, as compared with 5,600 in 1910. In 1911, 1029 cases for violation of the laws, were terminated, 78 per cent. of them by the payment of fines imposed; in 1910, 667 cases were terminated. Of the cases for 1911, 481 were instituted under the Milk and Sausage Acts, approved by Governor Tener. The number of violations of these new laws proves the urgent need of these beneficial acts. Their enforcement has done much to make the milk can shy of the pump and the skimmer, and to break up the old partnership between the sausage factory, the grist mill, the water-plug and the dye-kettle.

RIOT AMONG INMATES OF COUNTY HOME

Five Get Into a General Mixup on Tuesday Evening.

ONE QUITE SERIOUSLY INJURED

Some Person Smuggled Liquor Into Them While Superintendent Brenneman Was Away—Five Are Placed Under Arrest—Trial to be Held This Afternoon.

A fair-sized riot was pulled off at the County Home at about 7 o'clock Tuesday evening, in which several of the aged inmates of that institution took part, and things were pretty lively up there until Constable Foote was called and put a stop to the carnage. As a result of this mixup five members of this institution are more or less battered and bruised and one of the number, a man named Kelley, has a broken nose and one ear nearly cut off.

The real cause of the trouble was booze. Superintendent Brenneman was called to Bradford on business on Tuesday and during his absence one of the inmates, named Smith, who had some pension money, got another inmate to come down town and purchase some liquor. This person managed to get the liquid disturbance into that institution without being discovered and these members had a jolly time for awhile. But like many of these jolly parties, a quarrel was soon started and was not long in growing to alarming proportions.

When Constable Foote arrived on the scene he placed four of the belligerents under arrest and brought them down town and placed them in the lockup. The other was so badly bruised that his wounds were dressed.

This afternoon they will be arraigned before Justice Gleason for hearing. What the outcome will be is hard to determine, but if they can find out who furnished the whiskey to them he will probably be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

If Superintendent Brenneman had been at home it is not at all probable that the whiskey would have ever reached the inmates, and if it had he would have discovered it before they got enough to cause trouble.

OLEAN HEROES REWARDED.

They Receive Suitable Gifts From the Carnegie Hero Fund.

Pittsburgh, Jan. 20.—Acts of heroism in many parts of the country received substantial recognition in the awards of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, which gave money, medals and other recognition to a large number of persons who have figured in these acts of bravery.

Two men to be rewarded live in Olean. They are Daniel F. Allen, bronze medal and $1,000 toward purchase of home. Allen, 26 years old, city electrician and fireman, attempted to save William F. Wolters, 33 years old, brewer, from suffocation, Olean, N. Y., August 21, 1911. Allen descended a ladder to the bottom of a 14-foot-deep cistern, to the assistance of Wolters and a boy, who had been overcome by carbonic acid gas. Picking up Wolters, he ascended the ladder a few feet, but finding he was being weakened by the gas, he returned to the bottom and dropped Wolters.

Allen was able to ascend, and, after reaching the surface, recovered. Wolters and the boy were gotten out later and revived.

Joseph R. Hasse, deceased. Silver medal to widow and pension of $60 a month with $5 a month additional for each of her two children until each reaches the age of 16. Hasse, 32 years old, brewery worker, died attempting to save William F. Wolters from suffocation, Olean, N. Y., August 21, 1911. After Allen and another man had made an attempt to rescue Wolters, and a boy had been rescued, Hasse arrived at the cistern. Refusing to take any precautions for his own safety, Hasse, holding one end of a rope, descended into the cistern, and attempted to fasten the rope around Wolters' body, but was overcome and fell to the bottom. He was after gotten out, but could not be revived.

COL. ROOK FOR CONGRESS.

His Name is Being Discussed in Washington Political Circles.

Washington, January 23.—The announcement that Colonel Charles A. Rook, of Pittsburgh, probably, would be on the state ticket this year as a candidate for Congress-at-large is being discussed with deep interest by members of the Pennsylvania delegation and other Keystone State politicians in Washington. Colonel Rook has not announced as a candidate. The suggestion that he be nominated came from influential Republican leaders throughout Pennsylvania. They favor him as a candidate for two reasons. He is a man of ability and great personal popularity and undoubtedly will make an exceptionally strong candidate. His nomination will also have an important bearing upon the politics of Allegheny county as it is certain to be conducive to harmony among the factions there. The understanding here is that the Republican leaders of Pittsburgh regardless of faction will earnestly support Colonel Rook. His nomination is also urged by prominent business men in Pittsburgh and throughout western Pennsylvania.

Colonel Rook has always been an independent Republican. Since 1902 he has been in control of the Pittsburgh Dispatch, one of the most influential independent newspapers in the country. His strength with the workingmen of Pittsburgh is shown by the fact that in 1905 he was indorsed by every labor union in that city for mayor. He declined to become a candidate because of business reasons. He was appointed February 14, 1907, a lieutenant colonel on the staff of Governor Stuart, and in 1908, was elected by the judges of Allegheny county a member of the board of inspectors of the Western Penitentiary. At the last Republican National convention he was a delegate-at-large. Governor Stuart appointed him one of the two Pennsylvania commissioners [illegible] Roosevelt [illegible] him by appointing him one of the special commissioners sent to Mexico to represent the United States at the celebration of the centenial of that government. At present Col. Rook is chairman of the board of inspectors of the Western Penitentiary.

The prediction is made by politicians here that Colonel Rook's nomination will be supported by a solid delegation from Allegheny county at the State convention.

THE OLEO TAX.

High Price of Butter is Setting the Consumer "Agin It."

Ordinarily we are with the farmer and against anything that cut down his revenue, but there is such a thing as forcing farm products too high, and that is the condition of things at the present time. The necessaries of life have kept soaring until it is almost impossible for the family man, earning an ordinary salary, to support himself and family decently.

The price of butter has reached such a prohibitive price that it is practically beyond the reach of many of our people and it seems to us that the tax on oleomargarine and other butter substitutes was taken off.

In view of present conditions the Kane Leader publishes a very pertinent editorial which is full of good common sense and truth. The Leader's article follows:

The State Department of Agriculture and the pure food department are said to have sent letters to the granges of the state urging opposition to the movement that would take the tax from oleomargarine.

In the opinion of the Leader the tax on oleomargarine is one of the most cowardly hits of graft and reprisal that the government can be accused of.

If oleo is a fit food product no reason can be urged for the tax on the product. If it is not a fit thing for people to eat then a tax does not make it fit.

An honest government would compel oleo makers to sell their stuff for just what it is. The buyer has a right to buy it if he wants to, and to put a tax of ten cents a pound on it for the protection of the butter maker, with the hope that such a tax will compel the buyer to buy butter instead is only a legalized form of robbing the purchaser.

If a butter maker cannot make butter at the present prices, and must compel his fellow men to pay ten cents tribute on every pound of something else they buy to satisfy the need of fatty food, then better let the butter trade go to the wall.

THE ROSE SCALE.

A Mealy White Scale That Is Mistaken for the San Jose Scale.

There is a mealy, white scale insect often found upon rose bushes, and raspberry and blackberry plants, which is sometimes mistaken for the San Jose scale. Growers of roses, raspberries and blackberries should watch for this and treat it according to the directions given by Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg.

He says: "Although this pest resembles superficially the San Jose scale, it is by no means the same pest, nor is it so serious. While the San Jose scale may attack nearly all fruit trees excepting the Kieffer pear and sour cherry, and also several kinds of shrubbery, and, indeed, some other trees, the Rose scale is practically confined to rose bushes and berry bushes.

"The scales are very white and circular in shape, and are easily brushed from the plants attacked. They are, like the scale insects, difficult to kill if the right materials are not used, but very easily destroyed if one understands spraying for scale insects. The lime-sulfur solution made, diluted and applied exactly as for San Jose scale, and at the same time, or in other words, while the bushes or vines are dormant, will be sufficient to entirely control or eradicate this pest. Either home-boiled or commercial lime-sulfur solution will give satisfactory results, providing it is used thoroughly. There is no danger applying it too strong for the welfare of the plants."

RICHESON A WRECK.

He Probably Will Not Live to Pay [illegible]

Miss Avis Linnell, is believed to be dying and may not live to feel the extreme penalty pronounced upon him by the Massachusetts court. Sheriff Quinn, in charge of the Charles street jail, where the minister is confined, made the announcement to-day that Richeson is a dying man. The sheriff is of the opinion that Richeson will not live to see the dawn of the week of May 19, the time set for his electrocution.

Richeson was visited to-day by five members of the city council. The minister greeted the councilmen with a faint smile and chatted with them in a hesitating way for 15 minutes. Outside of the wardens, attorneys and spiritual advisers, the councilmen were the first men to see Richeson since he attempted to injure himself in his cell several weeks ago.

The visitors were shocked at the prisoner's appearance and several of them declared that they did not believe he would live a month.

RASZMANN-GRANTEER.

Popular Young Couple United in Marriage Last Week.

On January 17, 1912, Miss Lydia Granteer, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Granteer of Crosby, Pa., and Mr. John L. Raszmann of Sizerville, Pa., were united in marriage by Rev. Roulo at Portville, N. Y.

The bride is a well-known and popular young lady of Crosby and vicinity who has been stenographer and assistant bookkeeper for the Clermont Sewer Pipe company of Clermont, Pa., for sometime; while the groom has been foreman for the P. R. R., of the same place, but is at present located at East Aurora, N. Y.

Both have a host of friends who will unite in wishing them a long and happy married life.

Mr. and Mrs. Raszmann left Thursday for Baltimore and Washington for their wedding trip.

Watned.

Teams to haul chemical wood, $5.50 per day. Inquire either at the office at East Smethport or of A. J. Drake, Telephone No. 24R, Eldred, Pa.

Smethport Chemical Co.
tf D. M. Cooper, Gen. Supt.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies' and children's headgear, call on

CARRIE CLARK.

Coming Back to Clarissa

By JOHN O. FIELD

After David Walliston learned through a two-line newspaper item that reached him in his remote mining camp in South America of the death of Mr. Wynne, his first thought was to come straight back to Clarissa. But on second thought he waited two years more—two long years of torturing uncertainty—not because he loved or even respected the memory of the stern old banker who, because of his millions, had stepped between him and girl he loved, but out of respect to the feelings of Clarissa. Of course, she could not long lament the taking off of a husband who had been forced upon her by calculating and ambitious parents, but there was a delicacy of feeling about Clarissa—a delicacy for which David loved her all the more dearly—which he felt sure would make her shrink from a hasty second marriage.

Exactly on the expiration of two years David came north. During all the eight years he had been gone he had never forgotten his last words to Clarissa. Those words came back to him a hundred times more compellingly when their chances of ever seeing each other were the slightest. Clarissa had said nothing, but, as she turned her face from his, David had seen tears in the gray eyes; and it was the thought of those tears, lightly as they may have been shed, that kept David from forgetting. And what of Clarissa, David began to wonder, as the ship that bore him home drew up the bay and he neared the time when he should see her again? Would she be the same Clarissa or would she have taken on her warm sympathetic nature something of the superficiality and selfishness that had made him detest Wynne from the first time he had met him?

David landed in New York and his first move, he felt sure, would bring him no immediate satisfaction. Of Clarissa's whereabouts since Wynne's death he had no means of knowing; but David was determined to follow her wherever she might have gone, and his first move was to go to her old home—a conservative brown stone front in a one-time fashionable neighborhood.

David's face still tingled with the sea air when he drove up to Clarissa's old home. When he left the steamer he had sent his luggage to the first hotel whose name he could recall while he hailed a cab to take him to the old house.

It was early afternoon when he reached there and, dismissing his cab, [illegible] before he pulled the bell. He had not thought till then of the possible embarrassment he might experience in explaining his errand. However the door opened before he had touched the bell and in another instant he stood before Clarissa.

In that first instant of almost overwhelming surprise David took in a thousand impressions, and in his complete surrender to the present Clarissa he dismissed for the time the thought of the first Clarissa whom he had loved eight years before. There was no very great change. She had naturally lost some of her first youthful radiance. She was a trifle more majestic, too, he thought, with more of womanly dignity at thirty than she had had at twenty-two.

After what seemed many minutes he and Clarissa were again in the spacious old drawing-room. Clarissa was at the window drawing aside the rich folds of the curtains and he was standing beside her.

"Am I detaining you?" was David's first awkward remark. "You were going out. Pray don't wait. I can come again."

Clarissa put her hand gently on his arm. "How could anything be more important than this?" she asked laughing. "No, honest, David." He caught that whole-hearted tone he had loved so long ago—. "I was just going out for a walk and I haven't anything else to do all day. Come David, sit down and tell me what great things you have been doing, and what brings you back, and how long you are going to be here."

For many minutes they sat together and Clarissa listened while David told her of the magnitude of the work he had been doing—not that he cared especially to have her know but simply because she had asked him to tell her.

Then he leaned forward and took her hand gravely in his and kissed it. "Clarissa," he said, "I couldn't wait any longer. You knew I would come back, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Clarissa, "some time, but why didn't you come sooner, years and years ago? Was it just because you loved your work down there that you remained away? I sometimes thought that perhaps you had forgotten."

David looked questioningly into Clarissa's eyes. "How could I have come 'years and years' ago?" he asked.

"Why not!" exclaimed Clarissa. "David, just think of the years we have missed, the years of friendship that we might have had."

For a second David felt a shade of annoyance. "When there could have been only friendship?" he asked.

Clarissa colored. "Perhaps," she said simply.

David looked at her closely. "You know, David," she went on, "I have needed you so often, and I never thought I should. It is strange how things turn out, isn't it? You thought you would need me, and you didn't, and I thought I shouldn't care and—" here she laughed and quickly regained her usual self possession. "Well I almost think I would have liked having you nearer than South America sometimes."

It wasn't so much what Clarissa had just said but the way she said it that distressed David. It was so unlike the old Clarissa, so unlike the Clarissa he had hoped to find. Of course, David didn't expect her to show any great regret for the man who had probably made her life unhappy, but surely as her husband he deserved more consideration than Clarissa evidently felt.

David was utterly at sea, and he felt a sudden but decided unwillingness to go any further with Clarissa until he had had time to think things over. Clarissa urged him to spend the afternoon with her, and, though he agreed to return for dinner, he made an excuse of business to be attended to in the afternoon.

Once out of the house David tried to collect his thoughts. He had been shocked by Clarissa's attitude. Of course, she had never loved Wynne, but it was, he thought, unnecessary for her to admit it now. Thinking the matter over, left David in greater perplexity and he was reaching the conclusion that, although Clarissa was as charming as ever, she was not the Clarissa he had come so far to find.

The whole matter came to a conclusion a few minutes after his return, when he and Clarissa were awaiting dinner in the old library.

"Those are from Mr. Wynne's collection," said Clarissa, as she saw David's eyes resting on some rare Japanese prints hung at one end of the room. "He left me all his books and pictures. I was somewhat surprised."

David felt a shock at Wynne's name which had not been mentioned before. "Surprised, Clarissa!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she answered. "You know we had not seen each other for years. The whole affair was so unfortunate. Perhaps I had better not talk about it."

David saw that whatever confession Clarissa was about to make, she was unhappy and he took his place beside her on the deep window-seat where she sat.

"Tell me, Clarissa," he said gently, the full strength of his love for her getting the mastery of him.

"It wasn't until you had gone," she said turning to him. "It is hard to tell you, though it doesn't matter much now, but I knew as soon as you had left that I couldn't ever—" Clarissa paused.

"Why did you, then!" exclaimed David reproachfully. "Oh, Clarissa, how weak you were!"

"Why did I, David?" she repeated after him, her eyes opening in surprise. "I didn't. That is what made it so hard having you away. You have gasped David the whole truth dawning suddenly upon him.

"David, of course I didn't. Oh, David, I loved you too well."

Tragedies of the Home.

The daily press is burdened with stories of rich men seeking to get rid of their wives in order to marry some affinity. Can such separations bring happiness? Pride and self-restraint generally prevent such questions from being answered. Occasionally the veil is lifted, and one is allowed to see branded on an anguished heart the pitiful epitaph of murdered love. Napoleon probably saw few happy days—he certainly saw few successful ones—after he sacrificed Josephine on the altar of his ambition, and the Nemesis which the conqueror of Europe could not escape is not to be evaded by the mere millionaire. The true wife, cast aside for the sake of some fleeting infatuation, has more than once come to the rescue of the faithless husband when fortune has gone against him, and such a wife has proved, time and time again, the verity of the old rhyme:

> The world is cold, inhuman,
> Will spurn thee in thy fall;
> The love of one true woman
> Is worth the smiles of all.
>
> —Henry Mann, in Columbian.

Presence of Mind.

It was the annual concert of the Slowcombe Philharmonic society, and the young man who came from the city—was obviously bored.

At last one singer tried him more than usual. Lines of pain showed on his face as he leaned forward to express himself audibly to his elderly neighbor; for the young man, being musical, felt the need of sympathy.

"Did you ever hear, in the whole course of your existence," he whispered, in disgust, "such horribly discordant, ear-splitting—"

The old gentleman frowned.

"That's my daughter, sir, and H—"

But the young man waved aside the interruption, and, with scarcely a tremor, went on:

"Such ear-splitting clatter as these fools behind us are making? Really, I can scarcely catch one word of the song!"—Answers.

Remarkable Work.

"What do you regard as the most remarkable work in the English language?"

"Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "the most remarkable work in the English language that I know of is the way some Englishmen pronounce it."

Easy.

White—Have you any trouble in making both ends meet?

Green—Not a bit. The end of my money and the end of the week always come at the same time.—Harper's Bazar.

HE WAS WILLING TO OBLIGE

Young Man Gave Advice on Clothing Though He Came From Gas Company.

"I've come to see about the mantles, miss."

"Oh, yes, I'm so glad you have come so soon; will you step into the drawing room?"

The young man stepped; he was pleased with his pleasant reception.

After awhile ma came in and said: "How do?" So sorry to trouble him, but would he mind if they tried the mantles on? Her daughter's was a trifle too full, and her own was a trifle too long, she thought. Perhaps he would be good enough to see.

The young man said he would be only too delighted.

The two elegant mantles in the latest style which were lying across the back of the sofa were donned, and the young man said he thought they looked charming. Yes, perhaps a little alteration was required, but—if they would excuse him he would be glad if they would let him get on with his work and show him the gas burners that were requiring fresh mantles.

Why! Wasn't he from Jiggins & Jugginses?

"Oh, no, he was the young man that attended to the mantles from the gas company.

KISSING ALMOST LOST ART

Most Women, Says London Paper, Forget Neatness and Are Vigorous and Wild.

It is surprising that with all the kissing that goes on in our so-called civilized England, so little advance should have been made in the science of bestowing a kiss. Very few persons understand the art. Neatness is forgotten, and the first impulse of the kissee is to wipe away all traces of the offending salute as speedily as may be consistent with politeness. Others deliver a peck upon the cheeks, and, in some cases, by no means a small peck. There are vigorous women whose buffetings are quite enough to produce a toothache in a sensitive jaw. Their kisses jar the kissee's whole head. One never knows where the wild kisses of others may alight. With inward shrinking one offers a cheek, wondering what may be going to happen to it, and the result often justifies one's worst fears. The poor cheek is discomfited by the assault of lips that have had no training in the art of osculation.—London Express.

Perils of Fishermen.

There are countless incidents illustrating dangers and trials in the life of every cove and hamlet around the coast line. Peril amid the billows, peril among the ice floes, peril along the rugged seaboard—that is his heritage and his portion from boyhood to old age. The rescuer today, he may be rescued tomorrow. Life to him has few compensations. It is an unceasing struggle against the elements, a strenuous endeavor to secure the means of existence from a sea which is ever on the watch to work ruin upon him. Wreck, wrath and calamity are the facts which predominate in every Newfoundland village. They have come home to every family and have left a vacant place in every household. The frequency of disaster compels every man to be a hero unconsciously, and if every person who saved a life in this colony were to be awarded a medal, they would be given out every week at least, and for actions as meritorious and as deserving of recognition as any that are so rewarded elsewhere.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Age of Organization.

New Boarder—Well! well! This is the first place I've struck where they have preserved strawberries and peach jam instead of stewed prunes.

Old Boarder—All owing to organization, my boy. We boarders have a mutual protective association, with iron-clad rules and heavy penalties.

"O, ho! You kicked against prunes, did you?"

"Not much we didn't. We passed a law that whenever prunes came on the table every member should eat a quart or pay a $10 fine. That settled it. The landlady found prunes too expensive."—New York Weekly.

Made Neat Escape.

Not so long ago a knowledge of Latin was essential to an orator, and long quotations from the Roman poets embellished every debate. James Payn, the novelist, was once at a dinner party where a learned clergyman insisted on quoting Greek. The lady sitting next to Payn asked for a translation. Payn's Greek was rusty. Accordingly he assumed a blush, and hinted to the lady that it was scarcely fit for her ear. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "you don't mean to say—" "Please don't ask any more," murmured Payn, "I really could not tell you."

The Coeds' Best Hold.

Dr. Miner Lee Bates, the president of Hiram college, was talking at a tea in Hiram, O., about coeducation.

"They may limit it as they will," said Dr. Bates, "but there's one coeducational institution that is already [illegible] all other institutions com[illegible] and that will [illegible] year after year to [illegible] for to marry."

Toodkins' Interference

By SUSANNE GLENN

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press)

"Evelyn," said the young man, leaning anxiously over the veranda rail toward the girl in the big rocker, "I want you to marry me, right away!"

"You are standing on the violet plants," said Evelyn Foyler, with a distressed wrinkle on her brows.

The young man stepped back, apologetically.

"I—I hope I haven't injured them," he stammered.

Then, with renewed determination, he mounted the steps, and sat down squarely on the rail itself.

"You haven't answered my question yet," he remarked, as coolly as herself.

"I did not know it was a question, Richard."

"Then I will make it a question. Will you marry me at once?"

"But we were not even engaged," persisted this exasperating young woman.

"I have asked you every full moon for the past eighteen months, without fail, though I had to travel three hundred miles once in order to do so!"

The girl laughed.

"Still, we are not actually engaged, you know," she suggested gently. "There has to be an announcement, and a ring, and endless 'showers' before one may seriously consider getting really married!"

"Then announce it tonight, Evelyn, and I'll have the ring here tomorrow morning as soon as you are up!"

"That would be 'at once,' Dicky!"

"But why this unwonted haste? Is there some dark secret you wish to hide from me?"

The young man leaned over and took possession of two hands that lay listlessly in his arms as grasp. "I may as well tell you the truth—I am miserably, maddening'y jealous!"

Miss Foyler drew up a little haughtily.

"And you wish to marry a person whose conduct would leave room for jealousy?"

"I wish to marry you, certainly. Can you doubt it, Evelyn?" He laughed, a self-deprecating little laugh.

"I can doubt anything after such an extraordinary declaration."

"But it is because I love you, dear, that I am jealous. I do not say there is any real cause. I only want you where other fellows will know their limitations."

"Do you think," she asked crisply, "that I would know—mine?"

"Evelyn! Do yo suppose I do not know you are the pink of honor? If [illegible] your self—think how I feel being held off at arm's length, watching the other fellows making the innings! It isn't fair, Evelyn."

"You may as well tell me what you really mean," said the young lady in a displeased manner. "There is something behind all this."

"Why do I find young Holden here every evening?" demanded Richard Robinson sharply. "That is precisely what I mean."

"I find him most charming," murmured Miss Foyler demurely. "Such polished manners; it is really quite delightful and restful to associate with someone who never blunders, or—or—or neglects one!"

"If he loved you as I do," returned the young man, dropping her hands reluctantly, "he might not be so sure of himself in your presence."

"No, no, Toodkins!" a little sharply, as a huge white cat, walking leisurely round the board rail toward them, presented a friendly head to an immaculate coat sleeve. "You are too generous with your whiteness!"

Miss Foyler reached out solicitous hands for her returned pet, and buried her face in his fur neck, producing a delightful song from the complacent Toodkins.

"Never mind, dearie, so long as I love you!" she murmured with reflective accent.

"Then I need not bring the ring in the morning?" inquired the young man with the utmost cheerfulness.

"No, Dicky, save your money," she answered, giving him a friendly hand in farewell. "But," she added, when he was safely down on the gravel walk, "you certainly are the dearest boy in the world for all your blundering!"

"I suppose it has become a sort of habit," she murmured, watching him stride down the moonlit street. "But he did it unusually well this time!

"And how much," she inquired of Toodkins who perched wisely on the arm of her chair, "do you suppose he really meant about poor Harold Holden?"

Next evening as Robison turned in at the gate to call upon the mistress of Toodkins, he encountered Holden on a similar errand. In the porch they were met by a distracted young lady.

Toodkins had disappeared!

"He will easily be found, I can assure you," cried Holden when they had listened to the distressing details, clapping on his hat, as he hurried away on his errand of mercy. Robison, rejoicing in the turn affairs had taken, sat down in a comfortable porch chair.

"Why don't you go look for him, too? Do you not see I do not care to talk?" demanded Miss Foyler, much annoyed.

"But it isn't good for you to sit here alone, it is [illegible] sorts of awful things, and [illegible] you come with me?

"That is a good idea," she acknowledged, "but I should feel much more comforted, Dicky Robison, if you would show a little more concern over the fate of poor Toodkins!"

Nearly a week passed, with no trace of the missing pet. Then one evening, as his mistress sat in her piazza chair, she beheld a smiling young man stride up her walk with a fluffy, white object in his arms.

"Toodkins!" cried the girl.

"Oh, Dick, sit down and tell me about it. I had given up ever finding him, and here he is, happy and fat and as white as snow. Oh, the dear, dear Toodkins!"

"I suppose you mean expensive?" observed the young man, sitting down comfortably in a swing seat near. "I owe every policeman and small boy in the city. In that sense, Toodkins is a very dear cat!"

The girl laughed mischievously.

"But tell me, Dick, all the particulars. Oh, but you will get a long mark for this day's work. If this could have happened last Thursday there is no knowing what 'the full of the moon' might have brought you!"

"I'm going to change to the new moon for luck," observed Robison, swinging thoughtfully, "so be prepared. And I'm going to wear a handkerchief over my left eye so I'm sure to see the crescent over my right shoulder. Oh, it's a sure thing this time, Evelyn, so you may as well give up the struggle! I've ordered the ring, and I stopped in to tell several of the girls on my way up here to hustle up the showers as it is to be a very hurried affair."

"Will you tell me about finding Toodkins?" asked Miss Foyler with frosty precision.

"There isn't much to tell. I had about given up finding the poor fellow, when I chanced to see him in a window of a comfortable looking house. The family had to admit it was not their cat; so I bore him away in triumph! Toodkins himself will have to furnish the particulars."

"How very singular," observed Evelyn. "I never saw Tood go to a stranger before!"

"Stranger! Good Heavens, child, am I not as good as one of the family? Have I not rescued Tood from a homesickness and regret for his lack of geographical knowledge; and you from the depth of a black sorrow? Am I not merely waiting for the moon's omen, to proclaim you mine to the world?—you and Toodkins!"

There was a long silence on the shadowy veranda, broken only by the song of the animated ball of white fur on Robison's knee.

"Come over here, Evelyn, and sit with me," begged a contrite Richard, at last. "The cat shows more gratitude to me than you do."

Miss Foyler allowed herself to be persuaded.

"I may be a blunderer. And I did [illegible] you out—be observed.

"Yes, you are a blunderer," she murmured in a voice that caused the young man to take her suddenly in his arms.

"The dearest blunderer in the world, Dicky," pressing her cheek contritely to his. "You haven't been here once in the past week that your coat was not sprinkled with—white cat hairs!"

Senator Frye as a Humorist.

Senator Frye had a splendid sense of humor and fund of anecdote. His reminiscences were most entertaining. His characterizations were singularly accurate. It was he who spoke of Martin Maginnis of Montana as the senator who had more certificates and fewer chances to sit down than any one else he had ever known. When Buffalo was represented in the house by a flighty and erratic youngster, who must be nameless, and a severely prim elderly statesman, Mr. Frye expressed his wonder that so flourishing a city should desire to be served by "a corpse and a lunatic." He told, on his return from Paris, of his fruitless efforts to acquire French. Schooling himself so as to give directions to his barber, after repeated efforts, he heard the tonsorial artist exclaim: "Oh, if you could only speak a little English!" And Mr. Frye liked the story.

Stage Money.

Apropos of W. E. D. Stokes' remark about a leading lady in a well-known theatrical company who got only $20 a week, a New York manager said the other day:

"It's a fact that many a $500 star is lucky to draw $15 or so. I overheard a conversation very much to the point between two actresses at Deal Beach the other day.

"The first actress, tossing her head, said:

"'I'm playing lead, you know, with the Vassa company. I get $450 a week. How much do you get, darling?'

"'I get $17 a week,' the other actress replied.

"'Dear me! Is that all you get?'

"'Yes, but I get it.'

Wedded Glooms.

"The Neverbegays appear to have brought their troubles with them to the hotel."

"Poor things! How did you hear?"

"I overheard them myself on the veranda. He began to talk about having to attend to the furnace next winter, and she reminded him that they have no coal in the cellar yet."

Solid With the Waitress.

"Grace, that waitress gives you all the best portions."

"She's a college girl, earning some summer money."

"Is [illegible] could that make you so [illegible]?"

"Oh, we belong to the same sorority."

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FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To **Brasted's**

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 25, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Kane it to have a country club

—Tuesday was an unusually bad day for walking and the sidewalks were so slippery that they were almost impassible

—Seven vagrants, who were arrested in Bradford on Sunday and who were arraigned before an alderman on Monday were sentenced to 60 days in the Smethport jail have been brought over here and are serving out their time.

—Mrs Anna, wife of Kenron Hanlon of Port Allegany died at her home in that place on Thursday last, aged 60 years She is survived by her husband and five grown children She was a most estimable woman her death will be deeply mourned by all who knew her Interment in Sartwell cemetery on Tuesday

—James Moore three years old son of George Moore of Cumberland near Pottstown, died from the effects of inhaling steam from a tea kettle He climbed on a chair and placed his mouth over the spout of the kettle from which steam was pouring He inhaled the steam and his lungs were literally cooked the physician said

—Mt Jewet is to have a new industry It is to be known as the Mt Jewett Sled Company and will be managed by Frank Hornquist of Kane. The new company is to be capitalized at $25,000, a part of which is subscribed by Mt Jewett business men Mt Jewett is to be congratulated upon locating an industry which we trust will be a great benefit to the own

—Vogel's Minstrels, who showed here a short time ago were in a rail road wreck near Binghamton N Y, on Tuesday E C Hayes of Indianapolis, Ind and George P Keely of Claremont N H, were killed and Mrs John C Vogel was so seriously injured that she may die All of the injured were in the private car of the Vogel Minstrel company which was hitched onto the rear of a train going from Norwich to Waverly, N Y, when another train crashed into them

—The grand officers of the Rebekah Assembly of Pennsylvania will be here next Monday evening, and at a special meeting of the local Rebekah lodge, will give the past Noble Grands of this lodge, Kane lodge and Mt Jewett lodge the past Noble Grand degree The Kane lodge degree team of 35 members has been invited to come and confer the degree of Rebekah on a class of 8 candidates A banquet will be tendered the visitors after the business of the evening is over

—Hon C E Patton, representative in Congress from this district, is a guest at the St. James Mr Patton says that the remainder of the winter, in Congress, promises to be very interesting The extra session last summer, was largely a political affair but now the House and Senate will get down to business in earnestness Mr, Patton, from various sections of the congressional district, is receiving assurances of strong support in his candidacy for renomination, says Tuesday's Bradford Era.

—On Monday of last week fire broke out in the carpenter shop of the P. S & N R R at St Marys and before water could be turned onto the raging element the entire building together with tools supplies and building paraphernalia was destroyed The loss is estimated at about $4,000 on the building which is covered with insurance The tools, owned by the crew, will aggregate a loss of about $1 000 but no insurance covers this loss The second floor was occupied by Roadmaster John Benson as an office A great many records and data was kept there and the loss here will be greatly felt

—Editor Edwin Haskell, the veteran publisher of the Coudersport Journal died yesterday morning at the home of his daughter, Mrs Edith Colcord aged eighty three years For many years he has been a familiar figure in the Journal an excellent newspaper During the past few years he had been able to do but little on the paper though it was directed by his wishes as well as his able mind which had been clear to about the last Two daughters survive him Mrs Edith Colcord and Mrs Belle Lewis Port Allegany Reporter The sorrowing family has the sincere sympathy of The Miner in their bereavement

—Henry Gunsallus who was arrested last fall by a game warden charged with having killed a deer whose horns were not visible above the hair, was released of the charge by the grand jury at Lock Haven this week, not sufficient evidence having been adduced before that body to hold him The county will pay the costs It seems that the deer killed by Gunsallus was a male but that the horns had not protruded far enough above the hair, according to the contention of the commonwealth to make it lawful game hence his arrest This case was of considerable interest to hunters throughout the state and the result was watched with interest

— An Oil City dispatch dated Jan 23 says While Mrs George Weaver of Franklin whose husband is yard master in the Venango yards, between this city and Franklin was thawing out a frozen water pipe at her home and was horrified to find what was evidently an infernal machine, which at some time had been placed beneath the house for the purpose of blowing it up The "machine" consisted of a refiner's bottle, such as those in which samples of oil are kept, which was filled with tightly packed gunpowder Around the bottle was wrapped a quantity of draughting paper, such as is found in machine shops, and around that was waxed paper. The whole was enclosed in newspapers bearing the date of October 8, 1906, and attached to that was a fuse some feet in length.

—Fire alarm was sounded last Friday, about 5 00 o'clock, cause of which was the house belonging to Mrs B Alford, and situated on North Main street, across from Neff's cheese factory, which was ablaze Response was made to the call for the fire apparatus, which, though appearing at the scene of the fire was not used, there being no possible chance of checking the raging flames The building was a two-story frame structure occupied by the family of Mrs Alford Apparently the fire, when discovered, had enveloped most of the up-stairs, which spread rapidly, making it impossible to save any of the household contents, which were burned with the building Cause of the fire was an overheated stove pipe, which passed through the ceiling having no pipe protection The loss entailed will amount to about $1 200 with no insurance — Eldred Echo

JEALOUS OF THE NEW CAMEL

Elephant in Jardin des Plantes Punished His Former Admirers for Their Fickleness

At the Jardin des Plantes in Paris there occurred recently an incident that showed that animals are subject to feelings very like those which occasionally ruffle the bosoms of men

A large elephant, formerly the center of attraction, found itself supplanted in public favor by a new arrival—a young camel The camel was the latest acquisition, and very naturally engaged the attention of visitors

The elephant for a long time showed signs of dissatisfaction, and at last its jealously reached a point where it must find expression When the usual crowd gathered about the camel the elephant prepared for action It filled its trunk with water, and with deliberate aim discharged the water all over the people who stood looking at the baby camel

This method of throwing cold water upon the admirers of a rival brought a laugh even from its victims

In certain parts of India railroad engineers have many difficulties to encounter, some of them more amusing to read than to experience The following is one such difficulty

A freight train was lumbering along when a big elephant came out of the woods and undertook to butt the engine off the track The engineer did not like to charge the beast, for fear of an upset and several times reversed the engine, in the vain hope that the elephant would take that as a sign of surrender and retire

Finally the elephant backed into the engine, and setting its forefeet firmly between the rails, endeavored to push the train backward with its hind quarters

The engineer promptly put on all steam, toppled the elephant over a small embankment and before it could recover its senses the train passed on

There was a cat that chose a peculiar spot for a bed Comfort was the cat's object, and the chosen spot did not seem to be calculated to afford it. The cat was found fast asleep in a large shipbuilding yard, lying on what seemed to be a very muddy path

It was found however that the spot chosen by the cat for its couch was the point at which a hot steam pipe passed under the road, so that the

Sir Walter Raleigh's Pipe.

A pipe with a history is to be offered for sale in London It was once the property of Sir Walter Raleigh and is not unlike the letter Y in shape and for centuries now has had its home in an ancient inlaid box dated Anno L 27 It is constructed in four pieces of wood, rudely carved with dogs heads and with the faces of red Indians

On the bowl there is a cap about as large as the bowl itself, and attached to the stem is a string of beads made of the same wood as the pipe In this stem a powerful whistle has been cut, and the suggestion is that Sir Walter Raleigh used it to summon his servants

The Archaeological Society exhibited it at the Guildhall in the 50s of the last century, the inscription accompanying it bearing these words:

The original pipe of the above celebrated Historian of the 'World,' and who first introduced 'tobacco and potatoes' into England Tradition (corroborated by a parchment in the possession of the owner) states that this pipe was used by Sir Walter Raleigh on the scaffold just previous to his execution and handed to one of his relatives as a memento of him"—London Telegraph

Irish Peers.

The number of peers who enjoy any popularity in Ireland is very small, although personally many are qualified to attract it But the Irish masses know the history of their own country better than the classes know it. They have long memories and know by tradition what Lecky states with authority, that 'the majority of Irish titles are historically connected with memories not of honor, but of shame" A "Union" peer stands very much in the same category as a 'Cromwellian" landholder in the eyes of those who hold so tenaciously to the "old stock."—London Truth

Cornered.

"That chauffeur was a great disappointment."

"I thought he would be"

"But you gave him a letter of recommendation"

"Of course. And I advise you to do the same It's the only way to get him to go peaceably"

An Absent Turtle.

A well-known judge entered a well-known restaurant. "Will you try our turtle soup?" asked the waiter. "I have tried it," said the judge, "and my verdict is that the turtle has proved an alibi."

DAIRY

AID IN RAISING DAIRY CALF

Young Animals Are Shut Up In Small Stanchions and Prevents Sucking of Udders and Ears.

Small stanchions are a great help in raising dairy calves The calves are shut in these, as shown in the picture, before feeding, which allows each one to get the proper amount of food and prevents sucking each others' ears and udders, which often works considerable injury

Where a bunch of calves are raised together the larger and stronger ones will get more than their share of milk, and the smaller ones which

Ready for Their Milk.

really need it, will not get sufficient After the calves are fed their milk in the stanchions they should have a little dry grain and a wisp of alfalfa or clover hay or some green food The stanchion can be made in sections and set up anywhere in the barn or taken to the field

Wooden stanchions are easily and cheaply constructed for they can be made largely of waste lumber, says the Farm and Home The lumber required for ten stanchions of this kind is as follows

Two pieces 1x12 inches by 10 feet for bottom of feed box

Two pieces 1x12 inches by 16 feet for upright partitions

Two pieces 1x6 inches by 10 feet for front of feed box

Five pieces 1x6 inches by 16 feet for top and bottom rails

Five pieces 1x4 inches by 14 feet full thickness for fixed uprights

Two pieces 1x4x16 inches, ¾ inches thick, for swinging uprights

Ten pieces 1x3x10 inches for tongues or locks

Three posts 6 feet long

Three blocks 6x12 inches under feed box

This allows 2 feet of space ot each calf, which can if desired be reduced to 1½ feet and the lumber reduced accordingly

CATTLE GUARD QUITE NOVEL

Railway, Thus Meeting Injury.

Our illustration depicts a novel device which effectually prevents cattle straying up the line of a railway and

A Novel Cattle Guard.

thus meeting with injury or death from oncoming trains As the cow walks along the line she meets the platform shown, which turns up as she steps upon it, and effectually bars her wanderings The idea is quite simple but none the less effectual, and has saved the lives of many cattle.

A Profitable Business.

A farmer in New Jersey makes a good deal of money by buying up fairly good cows and selling them at auction His sales are held just before they become fresh, or when they are springing udders, as a cow looks at her best at that time For a month or two previous to the sale he feeds liberally, brushes the coats of the animals vigorously twice a day and when the sale day arrives their horns are polished, their tails combed and they present a 50 per cent better appearance than cows of better blood which have had only ordinary care In this way this Jerseyman gets from $15 to $20 per cow more than anybody else in that county.

Great Difference in Milk.

Every person who has ever milked cows, as well as some who have only witnessed this interesting process at a very safe distance, realize that there is much variation in the quantity of milk from certain cows in the same herd and on the same feed, but to most people "milk is milk," very few having any correct idea as to what is commonly called the "richness" of it.

Increase Milk Flow.

When cows have been milking for several months it is generally a waste of feed to attempt to increase their flows of milk About the best that can be done with an animal after she has established her milk flow is to continue a system of feeding that will keep her from shrinking in milk production abnormally fast.

KEEPING BARN YARDS CLEAN

Dairyman Cannot Expect to Produce Good Milk When Cows Wade Through Mud and Filth.

(By B J LYON)

It has always been a source of great wonder to me how any dairyman can expect to produce good milk when his cows are compelled to wade through mud and filth in the barn yard.

Even if the barn itself is scrupulously clean—which it cannot be if the yards are muddy—the odor arising from the filthy barn yard will offset all the efforts made to keep the milk clean when it comes from the cows

There is no one solution to fit all barn yards Each must be treated by itself and to meet the conditions existing in it If the yard is situated on a gentle slope, all that will be needed is tile drainage, placed about six feet apart Tile will keep any barn yard perfectly dry, but if there is only an occasional low place in the yard the tiling need not be placed so close together.

In some yards a great deal of broken rock, gravel and coal cinders are necessary to keep the ground in good condition If the ground is a black heavy soil it may be kept reasonably dry by covering it with these materials The first thing to be done is to remove the top soil to a depth of at least six inches then cover the ground with the largest broken rock This may be in pieces of from two to five inches in diameter Large pebbles are excellent for this purpose as they allow the water to drain perfectly from the surface

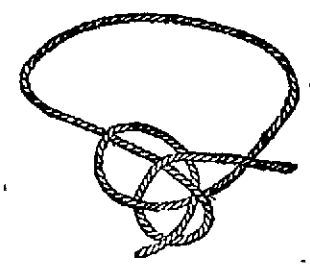
The layer of large rocks or stone should be thoroughly tamped down with a heavy tamping iron or rolled with a field roller

The second layer should be a little smaller and the third very fine crushed stone The last layer may be mixed with cinders which make a hard surface and if it is properly leveled off can after a time easily be scraped with an iron or wooden hoe

KNOT THAT WILL NOT SLIP

Illustration Shows Method That Will Prove Effectual and Needs No Further Description.

The accompanying illustration shows a method of tying a knot which will not slip, in the end of a rope when a



How Knot Is Tied.

long loop is desired The process is

For Milk Production.

The man who tries to get a good flow of milk out of his cows by feeding them corn stover oat straw and corn, with perhaps a little bran is attempting to perform the impossible —to make something out of nothing Feeds that contain milk producing compounds must be supplied and if clover or alfalfa or cowpea hay is not to be had, bran, oil meal and cotton seed meal must be bought and fed in considerable quantities

Cows With Appetites.

The cow with the biggest appetite, other things being equal, is the one which will give the most milk and butter fat There is something about the cow with large belly, big mouth, deep chest and distended nostrils that takes the eye of the experienced dairyman He knows that she has the ability to eat large quantities of food

DAIRY NOTES

Have the same person milk the same cows as far as possible

The calf pail should be just as carefully cared for as any other utensil in the dairy

It is a mistake to breed the heifer so that she freshens too young Give her a chance to develop first

The creamery is becoming so popular all through the country that so-called dairy butter is on the wane

Through the use of silos and soiling crops from two to five times as many cows can be kept on the same land.

The abused cow is always the ugly cow Likewise the ugly cow has nearly always been made that way by abuse

The cow must have pasture or its equivalent. This accounts for the many soils and the great popularity of soiling crops.

The separator needs ventilating The best plan is to leave it uncovered or better still, leave the parts unassembled after washing

Much is said about scales on the farm, but the most important scale is the one that hangs up behind the cows and is used after every milking

The tight, unventilated barn may be a little warmer than one that is properly taken care of, but it is also a whole lot more damp and dangerous to the health of the cows

Some cows are such persistent milkers that it is almost impossible to dry them off before freshening This should be done, however, for every good cow needs a little rest.

The KITCHEN CABINET

THE clouds that cover the sunshine
They cannot banish the sun
And the earth shines out the brighter
When the weary rain is done
We must stand in the deepest shadow
To see the clearest light
And often through wrong's own darkness
Comes the very strength of right.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

This is the season of the year when we get our best nuts, and those who are living without meat find they prove a good substitute

Olive oil cream and butter are all valuable foods and should be used freely

The plan of keeping a house purse downstairs near at hand will save many steps and much time

Cookies and cakes in stone jars with pieces of orange or lemon peel will find them delicately flavored

A child's broom will be found most useful in sweeping under heavy pieces of furniture or in small places where it is not easy to use a broom

Keep two calendars at hand, they will be found most useful one to tear off, the other to keep to refer back to past dates when necessary

A dainty little ruching for the house dress is made of the footing of lace used a good deal a few years ago. Baste or plait on double to a narrow binding, and put into the necks of all the washable morning dresses These ruchings launder well

A very easy way to tint lace any desired color is to use oil paints, the kind which comes in small tubes used by artists Thin it with gasoline and dip a small piece of lace to get the right shade

To make handkerchiefs look like new that have been washed, iron when very damp or add a very little starch to the rinse water

Instead of sweeping the carpets so much with a broom cover the broom with a bag dampen slightly and rub it over the carpet in the direction of the pile It will not be necessary to sweep it so often

Before writing a letter, a great help is to jot down items which may be written about, in that way a good letter is written and when it is sealed and on its way one is not so apt to remember that the most important thing was left unsaid

Grange National Bank

Assets..... .. $565,150 00

We solicit

your account.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no variation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to HARRY L. BAUKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 25, 1912.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Editor Miner:—Please announce my candidacy for Congress from the Twenty-First congressional district, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries in April.

CHARLES E. PATTON.

Curwensville, Pa., Jan. 10, 1912.

For State Senator.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for renomination for the office of State Senator, to represent the 25th Pennsylvania senatorial district, subject to the action of the Republican voters of Potter, McKean and Tioga counties, at the primaries, April 13, 1912.

FRANK E. BALDWIN.

Autsin, Pa., January 22, 1912.

Liquor interests on Monday won a far-reaching victory in the supreme court by a decision that railroads must carry beer, when offered for transportation into "dry" counties of another state. The decision affected particularly shipments from Indiana into Kentucky.

Judge John R. Hazel, sitting in United States district court at Buffalo on Tuesday morning, imposed a fine of $55,000 upon the Standard Oil company for alleged violation of the Elkins act in accepting rebates on shipments of oil from Olean, N. Y., to Burlington, Vt. The Standard was found guilty on 112 counts. Under the provisions of the law the maximum penalty would have aggregated $2,050,000. The case occupied the attention of the courts for more than a year.

J. T. Harahan, former president of the Illinois Central railroad; F. O. Melcher, second vice-president of the Rock Island railroad, and two others were killed at 6 o'clock Monday morning when the Semifole Limited on the Illinois Central, running fifty miles an hour, crashed into the rear of a passenger train No. 25 which was taking water at Kinmundy, Ill. In addition to Harahan and Melcher, F. B. Pierce, general solicitor of the Rock Island, and Eldridge Wright, son of Colonel Wright, were among the dead. Twenty passengers were more or less seriously injured.

Charging that the American Telegraph and Telephone (the Bell) company is a monopoly in restraint of trade, and in violation of the Sherman law, George Lambert, justice of the peace of Pelham, N. Y., on Monday through counsel, filed a petition with the department of justice, praying that the $700,000,000 corporation be dissolved. The American Telegraph & Telephone company, which controls the Western Union and eight subsidiary companies, is one of the biggest and most powerful enterprises in the world. The petition was formally filed in the office of the department at Washington upon its arrival from New York on Tuesday morning.

Charles W. Morse, the New York banker and "ice-king," who was sentenced to fifteen years in the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta, Ga., and has served two years, had his sentence commuted on Thursday of last week and he was given his freedom. The commutation of sentence, which gives Morse his complete freedom—but which unlike a pardon does not restore his civil rights—was granted upon recommendation of Attorney General Wickersham and Surgeon General Torney, United States Army. According to the surgeon general's report to the president on his condition, Morse could not live one month longer in confinement, and even at liberty probably would not live six months.

New York society circles are terribly upset just now. Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid have for their guests the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their daughter, Princess Patricia, and are entertaining them as real royalty should be entertained. These mere facts are not what is worrying the inner circles of society into a nervous decline, but the fact that some of the alleged social elect are not receiving invitations to the entertainment given for the royal visitors is high unto maddening to those who have been omitted from the list. And it is said that this visit may mean a revision and scaling down of what is known as New York's Four Hundred.

At the head of these columns will be found the announcement of Hon. Frank E. Baldwin, our present efficient State Senator, as a candidate of the Republican party to succeed himself in the 25th district, comprising the counties of McKean, Potter and Tioga. Mr. Baldwin is a native of this county. He was born in Duke Center and when a young man came to Smethport and read law until he was admitted to the bar. He then located in Austin and became one of the foremost citizens of that thriving borough. He was one of the heavy losers in the Austin flood last September, but he is sticking by the wrecked town and doing his best to rebuild it and save the sufferers as much as possible from the ruins. As State Senator he has served his large constituency faithfully, ever watchful of the best interests of those he is representing as well as the best interests of the State at large. He is a member of several of the most important committees of the Senate and his work in these committees as well as his work in the Senate is an excellent recommendation for his nomination and re-election. Personally Senator Baldwin is a big hearted, genial and accomodating man who has hosts of friends throughout the whole district, and that he should be re-elected by a large majority is the general opinion of all who know him.

CLERK FOR POSTOFFICE.

Examination to be Held at the Smethport, Pa., Postoffice on Feb. 10, 1912.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces that on the date and at the place named above an examination will be held for the position of clerk in the postoffice at that place.

By an executive order of September 20, 1910, effective December 1, 1910, positions of clerk in postoffices of the first and second classes not theretofore classified were included in the classified competitive service. The positions of clerk referred to, with few exceptions, are in first and second class postoffices which do not have city delivery and at which, therefore, city carriers are not employed.

Examinations are announced as vacancies occur or are contemplated, and from the resulting registers of eligibles selections for appointment are made, unless it is found to be in the interest of the service to fill the vacancies by reinstatement, transfer, or promotion. The examination hereby announced is only for the postoffice in the city named at the head of this announcement, and will be held only at that place.

Clerks in offices of the first and second classes are divided into six grades, as follows: First grade, salary, $1,000; fifth grade, salary $1,100; sixth grade, salary $1,200. Clerks at first class offices will be promoted successively to the fifth grade, and clerks at second class offices will be promoted successively to the fourth grade.

All promotions will be made at the beginning of the quarter following the expiration of a year's service in the next lower grade. No promotion will be made except upon evidence satisfactory to the Postoffice Department of the efficiency and faithfulness of the employee during the preceding year. When a clerk fails of promotion because of unsatisfactory service he may be promoted at the beginning of the second quarter thereafter, or of any subsequent quarter, on evidence that his record has been satisfactory during the intervening period. Clerks of the highest grade are eligible for promotion to the higher positions in their respective offices.

Auxiliary employees are paid for actual service at the rate of 30 cents an hour. Such auxiliary employees, however, are required to work not less than two hours daily, and may serve as substitutes. They are eligible for appointment as clerks of the first grade.

Substitutes are paid at the rate of 30 cents an hour when serving for absent clerks, and they are eligible for appointment as auxiliary employees and as clerks of the first grade.

Applicants must have reached their eighteenth but not their forty-fifth birthday on the date of the examination. The age limits are waived, however, in the cases of persons honorably discharged from the United States military or naval service by reason of disability resulting from wounds or sickness incurred in the line of duty.

Male applicants for the Postoffice Service must be at least 5 feet 4 inches in height in bare feet, and 125 pounds, in weight without overcoat and hat; otherwise their applications will be canceled. Female applicants are not required to be of any specific height or weight.

Applicants for the Postoffice Service are required to be physically sound and in good health.

Married women will not be admitted to this examination. This prohibition, however, does not apply to divorced women or women who are separated from their husbands and support themselves.

This examination is open to all citizens of the United States who comply with the requirements.

From the eligibles resulting from this examination it is expected that certification will be made to existing and future vacancies.

For application form 1371 and "Instructions to Applicants" address Temporary Local Secretary, at the Smethport, Pa., postoffice, or the district secretary at the address below.

No application will be accepted unless properly executed and filed with the district secretary prior to the hour of closing business on Feb. 6, 1912.

Secretary Third Civil-Service Dist.
Postoffice Building,
Philadelphia, Pa.

January 23, 1912.

SPRAYING ORCHARDS.

Benefits of Lime-Sulfur Solution as a Spray for Orchards.

The remarkable beneficial results from the use of the boiled lime-sulfur solution in Pennsylvania orchards during the past year has more than fully justified all that has been claimed for it by State Zoologist H. A. Surface, who is among its earliest and most earnest adherents. In fact these results have far surpassed the expectations of anyone of the enthusiastic lime-sulfur advocates. Not only have thousands of orchards in the State of Pennsylvania been reclaimed from the devastating attacks of San Jose scale by the lime-sulfur spray when dormant, but the same treatment has also destroyed the eggs of plant lice or aphids, tent caterpillars, canker worms, certain scale insects, codling moth and other pests in various stages, but it has also destroyed the plant disease germs of many kinds, without the least injury to any tree, shrub or bush while dormant. Not only has it acted as an efficient insecticide, but it has proven that it is a valuable germicide for destroying plant disease germs.

One thorough spraying of a peach or plum tree during the dormant season has been known to be efficient in preventing peach leaf curl coming during the next summer. During the summer time the lime-sulfur solution has been used in more dilute condition as a summer spray or fungicide to prevent injury by plant diseases and has been remarkably effective. In fact in the State's demonstration orchards during the past summer the dilute lime-sulfur solution was used in place of the Bordeaux mixture, and was found more economical, more efficient in controlling plant diseases and less injurious to fruits and leaves. Therefore, regardless of what may be said by advertisers of other preparations, growers of Pennsylvania was to acquaint them with the merits of this cheap but effective material, and demonstrate to them the great benefits coming from its use. The remarkable exhibit of fine fruits from every county in the State of Pennsylvania, at the Pittsburgh exhibit, the third week of January, shows that no mistake whatever was made in teaching the citizens of this great Keystone State that the welfare of their orchards depends more upon the use of the lime-sulfur solution than any other one material.

The testimony of writers and experimenters from practically every State in the Union is unanimous in regard to the value of this material. The time has now come that the orchardist need prepare little else than this solution and arsenate of lead to control practically all of the insect pests and fungous diseases, as shown by Dr. Surface in his address before the State Horticultural association of last year.

One advantage of the lime-sulfur solution is that it can either be made at the premises of the user, or can be purchased commercially. No less than thirty or forty firms are now making this material and putting it on the market. All that is necessary is to test it with a hydrometer to a specific gravity of 1.03 in its dilution, and spray it thoroughly over the trees before the green leaves expand.

In making it for one's self any vessel excepting copper can be used for the boiling and all that is necessary is to boil one pound of good fresh lime, with two pounds of powdered or ground sulfur, in every gallon of water, for one hour, using this proportion of material for any larger quantity. When dilute, strain it, and let it stand in closed vessels until needed. Then dilute to the hydrometer test, or with about seven times its bulk of water.

STEEL PASSENGER CARS.

To Be Used by Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway Co.

Seventeen new steel passenger cars have been ordered by the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway to be built by the Pullman company. The order covers three combination mail and baggage cars, five baggage and express cars, six passenger coaches and three combination smoking and passenger coaches. These cars are the new all-steel construction and will cost the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Ry. about a quarter of a million dollars.

The troubles previously experienced in heating and ventilating steel cars has been overcome by a special design of insulation created by the railroad company's engineers. So radical was this departure from present custom that the Pullman company refused to bid on the order until they had fully examined the merits of the system. The investigation proved to the Pullman company that the insulation was all that was claimed for it and even admitted it to be better than their own insulation system. From the floor to the window sill the passenger is protected from the cold steel by a layer of agasote which is a non-conductor of heat or cold. This is an exclusive feature of the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway.

Prize Snake Yarn.

The Prevaricators' Society of Ballarat and Woolloomooloo was proceeding in peace and harmony till the snake story man spoke. "Some people," he said, "consider the snake hasn't got any sense; but they're wrong. For instance, once when I was in India, I saw a Hindu mother place her year-old baby outside the hut to sun himself, and to keep his spirits up she gave the little chap a big feeding bottle of milk. Well, as I watched, I saw a snake insinuate itself close up to that child. My heart was in my mouth. I feared for the baby. But, bless you, the snake was only after the milk! He just slipped the teat out of the child's mouth and into his own, and then the thoughtful and kindly reptile put the end of his tail into the child's mouth by way of a comforter!"

With a great sob the president of the society arose and handed the laurel which encircled his brow to the snake-story man.

And then they passed silently into the night.—Tit-Bits.

Penalty of Initials.

"It has been my observation," said the pretty girl, "that the greatest difficulty a girl experiences at a co-educational college is disposing of the quantities of shaving soap sent her by manufacturers who copied the names of the entire student body from catalogs where boys and girls alike are registered by their initials and distributed the samples of soap impartially with the request that the recipient write a testimonial to the effect that it is the best shaving soap she ever used."

Philosophical.

A German and his wife came into a nice little fortune through the death of the wife's father, who was sick a long time and suffered a good deal.

[illegible] Karl.

A Blow for Freedom.

Jack—Your dog will never go for my pigeons again. Flo—Why not? Jack—Because I have cut his tail off. Flo—Well, that will not make any difference. Jack—Ah! but I cut it off up to his neck!

Originality Lacking.

Today there is a great lack of originality; people are afraid to be themselves, and be stupid imitation of others make life tame and uninteresting.

Necessity.

Mrs. Pratt—Do you allow smoking in the house? Mrs. Batt—When it's the kitchen stove, how can you stop it?

Advertised for Bids.

The School District of Otto Township, McKean County, Pa., asks for bids for moving a one-story frame school house 22x32 feet, from the J. N. Alexander farm to a lot in the village of Duke Center, Pa., and to be set upon temporary wooden piles. To be moved along the main highway a distance of about 2 miles. Bids will be opened Monday, Feby. 5th, 1912, at 8:30 p. m. The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.
H. H. English, Secy.

Duke Center, Pa., Jan. 17, 1912. It

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at the premises of William M. Davidson, otherwise known as William M. Davidson, in the Township of Liberty, McKean County, Pa., on

MONDAY, JANUARY 29, 1912,

at 1:30 o'clock P. M., all the defendant's interest in the following described property:

All that piece of land situate in Liberty Township, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of lot No. 29 as laid out on the plot of C. A. Dolley's addition to Liberty Township (old Fair Grounds); thence south sixty-one (61) degrees east eleven and seventy-five one-hundredths (11.75) rods to the northeast corner of the same; thence by the east line of same south thirty-four (34) degrees east, five and eighty-three one hundredths (5.83) rods; thence south twenty-nine (29) degrees east two and two tenths (2.2) rods to the southeast corner of same, thence along the south line of said lot south sixty-one (61) degrees west twelve and twenty-five one hundredths (12.25) rods to the east line of Seneca Street; thence along same north 29 degrees west eight (8) rods to the place of beginning. Being lot No. 12 as above mentioned. Improved and having thereon situate one one and a half story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of William M. Davidson, otherwise known as William M. Davidson, at the suit of T. F. Mullin.

M. C. RAIN, Sheriff.

Dec.11-3t
Smethport, Pa., January 10, 1912.

OVERCOAT SALE

NOW ON

—AT—

H. W. Rubin,

THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

HULL UMBRELLAS
DETACHABLE HANDLES

Come in and

Look over our fine line of Gold Handle Umbrellas from $3 up to $15.00. Also a complete line of Jewelry and cut glass.

Engstrom & Olson

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE
Can be more
TANTALIZING
TO THE KIDS
than the pantry with locked doors.
ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled
With Good Things From Our Store!
Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON
Prepared coffee.

Made in the cup.

Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS'
PLUM PUDDING
Just the thing to complete that Christmas Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,
PHONE 7.

HOLIDAY GOODS

In the "wet" line assuredly add to the general rejoicing. What would your Christmas dinner be without a half dozen bottles of superior champagnes, clarets or Burgundies, preceded by cocktails or straight whiskey, topped off with some fine cordial? Oh, we'll make your Christmas festivities long to be remembered if you give us an order.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors,

SHOES! SHOES!

This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,

THE SHOE MEN

Smethport, Penna.

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

Clean Sweep of Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Suits.

Every Garment marked at Sweeping Reduction for quick Claarance. Prices that will suit your purse. Garmenta that will suit you. Come early while we have your size.

Shoes

25 pairs, sizes 2 to 2 1-2, only ladies shoes. 3.00 Value at $1.39 per pair.

Remember only above sizes at above price.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

Special

Savage Wash Boiles

SALE

$1.00 allowed for old copper boiler.

$ .50 allowed for old tin boiler.

DALY & GARLICK

HARDWARE AND PLUMBING

The Bean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 25, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The sixth-year examinations in the Smethport schools are being held this week.

—Sleighing is pretty thin in spots but chemical wood teamers are making the most of it.

—H. M. Choate is confined to his home with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

—Pennsylvania oil is now selling at $1.45 per barrel, an advance of 5 cents per barrel over last week.

—Skating is good on the pond and is being much enjoyed by many lovers of the sport, both old and young.

—Miss Cynthia Chapin entertained the "Country Cousins Club" at her home in East Smethport yesterday.

—The members of the Hi Sigma Rho are making preparations for one of their popular dances, to be held Easter Monday.

—Mrs. W. O. Herzog and Mrs. Leo Herzog entertained the Bridge Whist Club at the latter's home on Center street last Thursday afternoon.

—Evangelist Burgess and his assistants are doing some good work in revival meetings in Bradford, according to the Bradford papers.

—Mrs. John Larson was taken to the McGranor hospital at Port Allegany Monday, suffering with appendicitis. Dr. Hamilton accompanied her.

—Last Sunday evening a party of twelve or fourteen young people from this place drove down to Coryville and were pleasantly entertained by Miss Betty Cory.

—Fidelity Grange, No. 1238, invites all the members to be present at their next regular meeting, Saturday evening, Feb. 3, as something out of the ordinary will take place.

—Mrs. Scott F. Redfield entertained a number of ladies last Saturday evening, the occasion being a shower for Miss Rae Rubin, whose marriage is to take place next Tuesday.

—Kane is being annoyed by sneak thieves and burglars. Several small jobs have been pulled off there of late and the general opinion seems to be that the work is being done by local talent.

—Rev. S. A. Morse, D. D., will preach Sunday morning at the Methodist Episcopal church. The pastor's evening subject will be "The Significance and Cost of Deciding Not to be a Christian."

—James Quirk has just purchased a new clarinet. It is made by Buffet, Crampton & Co. of Paris and is a low pitch Dabbi system instrument. The net price is $68 and is said to be one of the best instruments on the market.

—A merry party of high school students, with Miss Margaret Curtis as chaperon, drove to the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Comes of Keating township last Friday evening, where they were most pleasantly entertained. A fine luncheon was served and with music and games, the time passed all too quickly away.

—John Bruch, aged 15 years, son of Major Bruch, of Hazelton, is missing from home and his father has asked the police authorities of the different cities to be on the lookout for him. He disappeared last Monday.

—Mrs. H. R. Reineck entertained a number of young people at her home on West Main street last Thursday afternoon in honor of the tenth birthday of her son, Hamlin. The little people had a very enjoyable time and wished their young host many happy returns of the day.

—Cards have been received here announcing the marriage of Mr. Harry F. Roeder, formerly of this place, to Miss Rae Olive Smith of Dewey, Oklahoma, which event took place at the home of the bride's parents on Thursday, January 18, 1912. His many friends in Smethport and vicinity will unite with The Miner in wishing them a long and happy married life.

—The Independent Order of Red Men of this place held their eleventh annual banquet at their lodge rooms in the I. O. O. F. hall on Monday evening. About twenty-five members of the order and their ladies were present and spent a most enjoyable evening. The repast, which was served by Miss Millicent Pattison, was one of her best efforts and was greatly enjoyed.

—Mrs. Frank W. Backus, while in the cellar of her home on East Main street last Saturday afternoon, slipped and wrenched the tendons of her left ankle. At first she did not think much about it and continued with her household duties. Later in the evening that member commenced to swell and give her considerable pain, and she has been laid up with it since. However she is improving now and hopes to be about as usual in a few days.

—The Smethport Gas Company has got its lines cleared out and now is furnishing an abundance of gas to its customers, notwithstanding the fact that we have had some pretty cold weather during the past week. The factories are all running with plenty of gas and things look much brighter now. A great deal of credit is due to Manager B. T. Garlick and and Field Superintendent James McGowan for bringing this satisfactory situation about.

—Miss Winifred Roeder, who has been conducting a school under the Baptist Missionary society in China, has booked her passage for home this month. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roeder of Farmers Valley, expect her home in February, after an absence of five years. During the Chinese revolution Miss Roeder was located near Hankow, which was one of the centers of the uprising and for a time her friends felt much anxiety about her safety. She had some thrilling experiences but suffered no injury.

—Grace, the three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fulton, of Johnsonburg, was burned on Tuesday of last week in a horrible manner and died that evening. In the morning the mother gave the children their breakfast and went to a neighbor's on an errand.—In a few minutes she heard the children screaming and running back found Grace in flames. The child had left the breakfast table and finding a match lighted a piece of paper, igniting her dress. The little one was shockingly burned from her neck down.

—An unusual sporting event that is booked to take place on the bay at Erie at a moment's notice when the ice is safe, is a race between a flying machine and an automobile, the principals being F. D. Mosser, a chauffeur employed by parties at St. Marys and a former Johnsonburg boy, and Frank Sandt, of Brookville, a pupil of the Curtiss school, will fly in his Curtiss biplane. This is an event that if it ever materializes will be watched with much interest in this vicinity. Frank Mosser is quite well known here and the result will be watched with interest.

—State Highway Commissioner Edward M. Bigelow Saturday issued a warning to all owners of automobiles who have not registered for 1912 that they must secure the new license tags for their cars or stand the consequences. Speaking of the matter he said: "The law requires that the new license tags be displayed on and after the first of the year and we have allowed a reasonable period for people to procure these evidences of registeration, but although three weeks have elapsed, I still see that many people are operating cars with the yellow 1911 tags. The law makes such neglect punishable and folks who fail to display the proper tags may be arrested and fined." The department has issued over 18,000 registrations to owners of cars, to date.

—Saturday's Kane Republican: The residents of the South Side were given quite a little excitement this morning about 7.30. An Italian patient in the ward at the Kane Summit hospital became temporarily deranged, and jumping through the window started on pherman through the hospital park. He crossed the railroad, ran up Chestnut avenue, and turned down Edgar street. He then ran into the home of Mr. Parriott on Edgar street. Several of the nurses and a couple of volunteers amongst the neighbors were in hot pursuit in the meantime. Some of the boarders at Barrett's turned in and helped the nurses and others, and carried back to the hospital. No blame can be attached to anyone. The man was temporarily insane and without warning he had jumped from his bed, and hurled himself through the window and started on his wild journey.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Sheriff M. C. Bain is in Bradford on business.

F. D. Gallup was a Bradford visitor on Tuesday.

Rev. J. W. McGavern is spending a few days in Buffalo.

Hon. R. W. Hilton had business in Bradford on Tuesday.

Orlo J. Hamlin is in New York city on business this week.

Jno. N. Apple, Esq., had business in Mt. Jewett last Thursday.

F. H. Hungiville was a business visitor in Bradford on Monday.

John Eckert of Hazelhurst was the guest of Smethport friends Sunday.

Col. Melville Gillett is in Newark, Ohio, this week on a business mission.

Misses Ella Gallup and Mildred Holder spent Sunday with friends in Kane.

Miss Bertha Kerns of Bradford was a Smethport visitor the first of the week.

Mrs. Frank Dunbar of Olean was the guest of her parents here the first of the week.

Miss Dorothy Hecker of Kushequa was the guest of Miss Edna Freeman over Sunday.

Misses Bessie Engstrom and Cora Abbey were Hazelhurst visitors the first of the week.

Mrs. James McGowan was called to Kane last Saturday by the sudden death of her father.

J. C. Brenneman, superintendent of the county home, had business in Bradford on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Fry were in Port Allegany last Friday to attend the funeral of Byron Both.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Blake of Eldred are the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. J. Clayton Backus.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus left yesterday for a two weeks' visit in Cambridge Springs, Erie, Cleveland and Buffalo.

Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman returned home last Saturday after an extended visit with her daughter in New York city.

Miss Mazz Sherburne, who is attending Mechanics' Institute in Rochester, was home for a few days' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Sherburne, this week.

Richard Hurley, who has been employed in Clarksburg, W. Va., for several months, is home for a visit with his family.

Mrs. Mae Kerns left yesterday for her home in Buffalo after a three weeks' visit with relatives and friends in this place.

Donovan Bell, who has been spending some time in Wichita Falls, Tex., is home for a visit with his mother, Mrs. Samuel E. Bell.

Clarence Whistle Fuller, representing Collier's Weekly, of New York city, visited at the home of George J. Chase over Sunday.

NEW BULLETIN.

A Conservation Bulletin by State Zoologist Surface.

The last number of Volume 1 of the Bi-monthly bulletins of the Division of Zoology has been issued, and additional copies are now ready for distribution among those who request them. It is devoted chiefly to the subject of Zoological conservations, in which Dr. Surface discusses the economic value of the mammals and birds, and shows the importance of taking practical steps toward preserving certain forms of life before it is entirely too late. It shows that many animals and birds are becoming more rare, and, in fact, more nearly exterminated, and fears that the time is close at hand when some of these will have disappeared forever.

Among the animals which it deems worthy of special efforts of protection because they are exceedingly valuable as insect eaters are skunks, moles and bats. The stories of bats carrying bedbugs are not true, but are founded upon the fact that these animals have parasites of their own which do not pass to mankind. The general impression that moles injure vegetation is likewise an error, as the damage to vegetation is done by mice, especially the short-tailed meadow mice or voles which follows in the runways made by the moles in their search for earth worms and grubs in the soil.

A plea for the preservation of birds is based upon the economic value of these creatures, as well as their esthetic value, and recommendations are made for bird study and preservation. It is plainly shown that some kinds of birds, such as the bluebirds and swallows are gradually becoming more rare, chiefly because mankind fails to protect them. Are we to be held guilty of the sin of omission? Will future generations be deprived of the benefits and pleasures that the [illegible] in this bulletin on the subject of "Horticulture as a Business," and comprises an address given before the class in Business Methods at Dickenson College. It shows in an unusual way some of the various features of costs and income, and the elements of success and failure in fruit production. Those persons contemplating the planting of orchards should read this article.

As this is the last number of Volume 1, it closes with an index to the entire volume which was issued in six numbers during the year 1911, and thus those who have (or request) the preceding numbers will have an index to the entire book.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES.

Advertise in The Miner.

High Cut Storm Boots and EXTRA HEAVY

WINTER SHOES, that will keep your feet warm and dry, made in tan and black—either lace or button.

$3.50 to $5.00

Just ask for WALK OVER shoes, if you want the BEST WINTER shoes MADE. Sold only by

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Ladies Home Journal Patterns Onest Shirts

FRY & COMES

The Store that sells "Wooltex"

A Sale of Remnants.

Short Lengths of desirable Merchandise at About half the usual Price.

A great accumulation of remnants from our January clearing sale will be placed on sale Friday morning.

It will pay you to come.

Remnant of Dress Goods—Silks—Velvets—Outings—Prints—Towelings—Muslins—White Goods—Ginghams—Laces—Embroideries—Trimmings—Linings.

Coats, Suits, Skirts and Furs at BIG REDUCTIONS.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT. : : : PA.

STOP and LOOK

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE

Ten days only beginning Friday, Jan. 19.

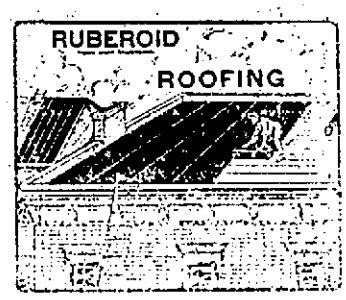
Everything to be sold regardless of cost.

——COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.——

The Bisett Store,

Now is the time to buy Children's School Dresses, Ginghams and Calathea cloth—from 2 to 14 years.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

1813 Calendars

It will soon be time to lay out your advertising campaign for next year.

Your plans should by all means include a handsome art calendar for 1913 to be sent out to your customers and friends at Christmas, 1912.

In this connection, I wish to announce that I have recently secured the local agency for the copyrighted calendars produced by the A. M. Collins Mfg. Co. of Philadelphia.

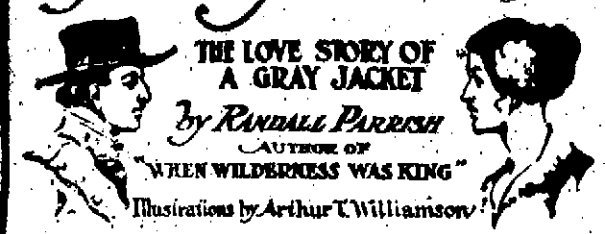
This is one of the largest and most substantial calendar houses in the United States, and the quality of their line is superior to that of any ever shown in this section.

This line will be handled exclusively by me in Smethport and the adjacent territory. It includes a great number and variety of subjects in full color, as well as some hand-colored pictures of exceptional beauty.

The samples for 1913 are in my hands and I shall be glad to show them to you at any time. Make no plans for your 1913 calendars until you see this extraordinary line.

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor Miner.

My Lady of the North



THE LOVE STORY OF A GRAY JACKET

by RANDALL PARRISH

AUTHOR OF "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"

Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson

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CHAPTER I.

A Dispatch for Longstreet.

It was a bare, plain interior—the low table at which he sat an unplaned board, his seat a box, made softer by a folded blanket. His only companions were two aides, standing silent beside the closed entrance, anxious to anticipate his slightest need.

He will abide in my memory forever as I saw him then—although we were destined to meet often afterwards—that old gray hero, whose masterly strategy held at bay for so long those mighty forces hurled on our constantly thinning lines of defense. To me the history of war has never contained his equal, and while I live I shall love and revere him as I can love and revere no other man.

"General Lee," said one of the aides, as I passed the single sentry and drew aside the flap to stop within, "this is Captain Wayne."

He deliberately pushed away the mass of papers which had been engaging him, and for an embarrassing moment fixed upon me a glance that seemed to read me through and through. Then, with simple dignity, far more impressive than I can picture it in words, he arose slowly and extended his hand.

"Captain Wayne," he said gravely, yet retaining his grasp, and with his eyes full upon mine, "you are a much younger man than I expected to see, yet I have selected you upon the special recommendation of your brigade commander for services of the utmost importance. I certainly do not hold your youth to be against your success, but I feel unwilling to order you to the performance of this duty, which, besides being beyond the regular requirements of the service, involves unusual risks."

"Without inquiring its nature," I said, hastily, "I freely offer myself a volunteer for any service which may be required either by the army or yourself."

The kindly face brightened instantly, almost into a smile, and a new look of confidence swept into the keen gray eyes.

"I felt, even as I spoke," he said, with a dignified courtesy I have never marked in any one else, "that I must be doing wrong to question the will-ingness of your sentiment. Until now the south has never once called upon them in vain. You are from the ranks, I believe?"

"I was a corporal at Manassas."

"Ah! then you have won your grade by hard service. You take with you one man?"

"Sergeant Craig of my troop, sir, a good soldier, who knows the country well."

He lowered his eyes to the numerous papers littering the table, and then, leaning over, traced lightly with a colored pencil a line across an outspread map.

"You speak of his knowing the country well; are you aware, then, of your destination?"

"I merely inferred from what Colonel Carter said that it was your desire to reestablish communication with General Longstreet."

"That is true; but do you know where Longstreet is?"

"Only that we of the line suppose him to be somewhere west of the mountains, sir. It is camp gossip that his present base of supplies is at Minersville."

"Your conjecture is partly correct, although I have more reason to believe that the head of his column has reached Bear Fork, or will by tomorrow morning. Kindly step this way, Captain Wayne, and make note of the blue lines I have traced across this map. Here, you will observe, is Minersville, directly beyond the high ridge. You will notice that the Federal lines extend north and south directly between us, with their heavier bodies of infantry along the Wharton pike, and so disposed as to shut off all communication between us and our left wing. Now, the message I must get into Longstreet's hands is imperative; indeed, I will say to you, the very safety of this army depends upon its reaching him before his advance passes Bear Fork. There remains, therefore, no time for any long detour; the messenger who bears it must take his life in his hands and ride straight westward through the very lines of the enemy."

He spoke these words rapidly, earnestly; then suddenly he lifted his eyes to mine, and said firmly: "I am perfectly frank with you. Are you the man?"

I felt the hot blood leap into my face, but I met his stern gaze without flinching.

"If I live, General Lee, I shall meet his advance at Bear Fork by daybreak."

"God guide you; I believe you will."

His words seemed uttered unconsciously. He turned slightly, and glanced toward the door. "Major Holmes, will you kindly hand me the draft of that dispatch?"

He took the paper from the outstretched hand of the aide, read it over slowly and with great care, wrote a word of explanation upon the margin, and then extended it to me.

"Commit that to memory, word by word, to your memory; we must run no possible risk of its ever falling into the enemy's hands."

I can see it now, that coarse yellow paper—the clear, upright penmanship, the words here and there misused and corrected, the sentence scratched out, the heavy underlining of a command, and his own strangely delicate signature at the bottom.

"Headquarters, Army Northern Virginia,

"In the field, near Custer House,
Sept. 23, 2 P. M.

"Lieutenant General Longstreet,
"Commanding Left Wing.

"Sir: You will advance your entire force by the Connelton and Sheffield pikes, so as to reach Castle Rock with your full infantry command by daybreak, September 26th. Let this supersede all other orders. I propose to attack in force in the neighborhood of Sailor's ford, and shall expect you to advance promptly at the first sound of our artillery. It is absolutely essential that we form prompt connection of forces, and to accomplish this result will require a quick, persistent attack upon your part. You are hereby ordered to throw your troops forward without reserve, permitting them to be halted by no obstacle, until they come into actual touch with my columns. The success or failure of my plans will depend utterly upon your strict observance of these orders.

"R. E. LEE,
"General Commanding."

I handed back the paper, and lifted my hand in salute.

"You have memorized it?"

"Word for word, sir."

"Repeat it to me."

He held the paper before him as I did so, and at the close lifted his eyes again to my face.

"Very good," he said, quietly. "Now let there be no mistake; repeat it over to your companion as you proceed until he has memorized it, and one of you must live long enough to reach Longstreet. I advise you to take the Langley road—it is the most protected, and not try to pass beyond the old Coulter plantation until after dark, or you will run the risk of being observed by the enemy's pickets. Beyond this I must leave all to your own discretion."

"You Are a Much Younger Man Than I Expected to See."

He paused, and I still lingered, thinking he might have something more to add.

"Are you one of the Waynes of Charlottesville?" he asked gravely.

"Colonel Richard Wayne was my father, sir."

"Ah, indeed! I remember him well;" and his face lit up with a most tender smile. "We were together in Mexico. A Virginia gentleman of the old school. He is dead, I believe?"

"He was killed, sir, the first year of the war."

"I remember; it was at Antietam. And your mother? If my memory is not at fault she was a Pierpont?"

"She is now in Richmond, sir, and the old plantation is but a ruin."

"War is indeed sad," he said slowly; "and I often feel that our southern women are compelled to bear the brunt of it. What heroines they have proven! History records no equal to the daily sacrifices I have witnessed in the past three years. God grant it may be soon ended."

Then, as if suddenly moved by the impulse of the moment, he again extended his hand.

"Well, lad," he said kindly, the same grave smile lighting his face, "our country needs us. We must not waste time here in conversation. I am very glad to have been permitted to meet the son of my old friend, and trust you will remember me to your mother. But now goodby, captain, and may he in whose hand we all are, guide and guard you. I know that a Wayne of Virginia will always do his duty."

Bewildered and with greatly quickening heart I backed out of the tent as I might have left the throne room of an emperor, but as I grasped the reins and swung up into the saddle, I became conscious that he had followed me. Craig flung up his hand in quick, soldierly salute, and then, with a single rapid stride, the general stood at his horse's head.

"Sergeant," he said—and I was struck by the incisive military tone of his voice, so different from the gentleness shown within—"I am informed that you are intimately acquainted with the roads to the westward."

"Every bridle-path, sir, either by night or day."

"Then possibly you can inform me whether the Big Hickory is fordable at Deer Gap."

"Not for infantry at high water, sir; but there is another ford two miles north where it is never over waist deep."

"That would be at Brixton's mill?"

"No, sir; the other way."

Lee smiled, and rested his hand almost caressingly on the trooper's knee.

"You are a valuable man for us to risk on such a ride," he said kindly. "But I desire you to understand, sergeant, how deeply I value the service you are about to render, and that I shall never permit it to be forgotten or go unrewarded. And now, goodnight, sergeant; goodnight, Captain Wayne."

As we turned into the main road, riding slowly, I glanced backward. The general was yet standing there in front of his tent, gazing after us, the rays of the westering sun gleaming on his gray hair.

CHAPTER II.

The Night Ride.

By five o'clock we were safe at Colchester, and while our horses rested and refreshed themselves on some confiscated grain, the two of us lay lazily back on a grassy knoll, well within the shadow of a ruined wall, and watched the round, red sun drop slowly down behind those western hills we had to climb.

As early as we deemed it safe to venture, we were again in saddle, riding now straight to the westward, along the smooth-beaten pike, until we caught sight of the black shadow of Colton church, in our front; then we swerved to the left, and still moving rapidly but with considerable care for the horses, headed directly across the more broken country toward the foot-hills. It proved to be a hard, toilsome climb up, those long, steep slopes rising before us; for we were extremely careful now to keep well away from every known route of travel, and our horses, although selected from among the best mounts of the cavalry brigade, had already been thoroughly winged by their smart trot up the valley.

An hour of this work passed. Whether or not we were yet within the enemy's lines was largely conjecture or turning of encouragement, reached us as we strained our ears. The sergeant rode slightly in advance as we toiled up the higher terrace, for our sole dependence as to direction and distance was upon his memory, and even that could scarcely serve for much on such a night as this. I traced his passage upward as best I might, and pressed close after him, guided not so much by sight as by sound—the occasional rolling of a loosened stone, the rustling of leaves as he touched a bush in passage, the faint clinking of his sabre, and the heavy breathing of his horse—until at last his long, slender figure rose sufficiently above the dark hill surface to be faintly silhouetted in deeper shadow against the dim reflection of the upper sky. Almost coincidently with this my horse ranged up beside his, where he had drawn rein in evident perplexity.

"What is it, Dan?" I questioned cautiously; for all I could feel reasonably assured of just then was that behind any rock or tree in our front there might be crouching a Federal picket.

"It's nothin', Cap," he answered quietly, turning his face toward me as he spoke. "I'm just tryin' ter 'member some landmark yereabout ter guide from. Blamed if ever I see such a dark night; it's like bein' inside a pocket, sir, an' I reckon as how it must be nigh onter ten year since I run loose in this yere country as a kid. Thet thar cut-off we took a while back has sort o' confused me; that's a fac', and I don't just know whar I am; but I reckon as how the main ridge road we're a huntin' after oughter run somewhar out yonder." He pointed forward into the night.

"Very well; hand me your rein, and see what you can discover out there on foot. Sitting here isn't apt to mend matters, and we surely cannot afford to cripple our horses among those rocks."

The sergeant, a gaunt, tireless mountaineer, slipped silently from his saddle, swung his light cavalry carbine from his back to the hollow of his arm, and in another moment was lost to sight in the darkness. A snake could not have slipped away more stealthily. I heard a stone rattle under his foot, a half-suppressed oath, and then the night had completely swallowed him.

How utterly alone I seemed; how intensely, painfully still everything was! The silence felt almost like a weight, so greatly it oppressed me. Even the accustomed voices of nature were hushed, as if war, with its unspeakable cruelty, had cast a spell over all things animate and inanimate. It was weird, uncanny. With every nerve strained, I leaned forward across the pommel of my saddle, listening for the slightest sound out in that black void. My head burned and throbbed as with fever, and I felt that strange, unnatural stillness as though it had been a physical thing; surely others besides us were upon this hilltop! For I knew well—my every soldier instinct told me—that somewhere out in that impenetrable mystery were blazing the camp fires of an enemy. Vigilant eyes were peering everywhere in search of such as we. How far away they might lurk I could not even conjecture — perhaps merely around some projecting wall of rock, —and we might even now be within the range of their ready rifles. I could hear the quickened throbbing of my heart, and my hand fell heavily on a pistol butt in nervous expectancy.

The soft night wind, heavy with pine odors, began suddenly to play amid the leaves of a low tree beside me, and the pleasant rustling mingled like strains of music with the slow breathing of the horses. I recall it now as one of the loneliest moments of my life, one of those almost unaccountable conditions of mind and body when it seemed to me that the thin, sinewy fingers of an inexorable fate were closing down with a pressure which no strength of man might resist. I was worn with fatigue in the saddle, but did not dream of sleep; my mind, in a firm endeavor to cast aside the uncanny influences of the hour, recalled in swift panorama those three years of civil strife which had run their course since I, a slender, white-faced lad, had stolen forth into the moonlight from the portals of the old home, to ride away into the northward where the throbbing drums called me. So deeply had my every thought become merged in these musings that Craig, slipping silently as a ghost from out the engulfing darkness, laid hand upon my bridle-rein before I became aware of his approach.

"I got 'er all right now, Cap," he announced quietly, peering up into my face. "We-uns are not more nor a hundred yards ter the right of the road, but I reckon you'll find ther way a bit rough."

He led both horses forward, moving slowly and with that silent caution so characteristic of his class. With scarcely the scraping of a hoof on the flinty rocks we came forth in safety upon the defined, hard-beaten track.

"The south is over yonder ter the left," he whispered, as he swung up into saddle, "an' the trend of the road is mighty nigh due west."

"But in which direction does their main camp lie, sergeant?"

"Durn it; thet's just what I can't quite figure out, sir—whether we unbe to ther north or south of ther white church. Then, somehow or other, it seems like to me as if this yere road lay a bit too close ter the edge of ther plateaus ter ever be the main pike what the Feds marched over. I reckon from ther direction it runs that maybe it might be a branch like, or a wood-road leadin' is, then them fellers we uns is tryin' ter dodge ought ter be down yonder ter the left somewhar."

I gazed vaguely out into the black vacancy to which he pointed.

"Well, if we should chance to run up against one of their picket posts we shall soon be enlightened," I returned, urging my horse carefully forward. "But we shall have to take the chances, for it would not prove healthy for either of us to be caught here by daylight."

Not daring to venture on any gait faster than a walk along this unknown and ill-defined mountain trail, we slowly and cautiously worked our way forward for more than an hour, meeting with no human obstacle to our progress, yet feeling that each step forward was surrounded by imminent peril. That we were now well within the guarded lines of the enemy we were both assured, although where or how we had succeeded in penetrating the cordon of picket posts unobserved we could only conjecture.

CHAPTER III.

An Unwelcome Guest.

This was the sort of work I had long ago learned to love; it warmed the blood, this constant certainty of imminent peril, this intense probability that any moment might bring a flash of flame into our very faces. Each step we took was now a stern, grim play with Fate, where the stakes were life and death. I felt my pulses throb as I rode steadily forward, fairly thrusting the darkness aside, my teeth hard set, my left hand heavily on a revolver butt.

How, in such a situation, the nerves tingle and the heart bounds to each strange sight and sound! Halt!—what was that? Pooh! no more than the deeper shadow of a sharply projecting rock, around which we pick careful way, our horses crowding against each other in the narrow space. And that? Nothing but the faint moan of the night wind amid the dead limbs of a tree. Ah! mark that sudden flash of light! The hand that closes iron-like upon the loosened rein opens again, for it was merely a star silently falling from out the black depths of the sky. Then both of us halt at once, and peer anxiously forward. The figure standing directly in the center of our path, can it be a sentry at last? A cautious step forward, a low laugh from the sergeant, and we circle the gaunt, blackened stump, as silent ourselves as the night about us, but with fiercely beating, expectant hearts.

But hark! Surely that was no common sound, born of that drear loneliness! No cavalryman can mistake the jingle of accouterments or the soft thud of horse's hoofs. The road here must have curved sharply, for they were already so close upon us that, almost simultaneously with the sound, we could distinguish the deeper shadow of a small compact body of horsemen directly in our front. To left of us there rose, sheer and black, the precipitous rock; to right we might not even guess what yawning void. It was either wit of sword play now.

I know not how it may be with others in such emergencies, but with me it always happens that the sense of fear departs with the presence of actual danger. Before the grewsome fancies of imagination I may quake and burn like any maiden alone upon a city street at night, until each separate nerve becomes a very demon of mental agony; but when the real and known once fairly confronts me, and there is work to do, I grow instantly cool to think, resolute to act, and find a rare joy in it. It was so now, and, revolver in hand but hidden beneath my holster flap, I leaned over and touched Craig's arm.

"Keep quiet," I whispered sternly. "Let them challenge first, and no firing except on my order."

Almost with the words there came the sharp hail:

"Halt! Who comes there?"

I drew the cape of my riding jacket closer, so as better to muffle the sound of my voice.

"Friends, of course; who would you expect to meet on this road?"

Fortune seemed with me in the chance answer, for he who had hailed exclaimed:

"Oh! is that you, Brennan?"

There was no time now for hesitancy; here was my cue, and I must plunge ahead, accepting the chances. I ventured it.

Laying Firm Hand Upon Her Horse's Bit, Led Forth to Where I Waited.

"No; Brennan couldn't come. I am here in his place."

"Indeed! Who are you?"

"Major Wilke."

There was a moment's painful pause, in which I could hear my heart thump [illegible] fully. "There is no officer of that name in the Forty-third."

"Well, there chances to be such an officer on the staff," I retorted, permitting a trace of anger to appear in my tone, "and I am the man."

"What the devil is the difference, Hale, just what his name is?" boomed a deeper voice back in the group. "We are not getting up a directory of the Sixth corps. Of course he's the man Brennan sent, and that is all we've got to look after."

"Oh, all right, certainly, major," returned the first speaker, hastily. "But the night is so cussed black I supposed we must be at least a mile this side of where we were to meet. However, we have the lady here for you, all right, and she is anxious enough to get on."

The lady! Heavens! What odd turn of fortune's wheel was this? The lady. I heard Craig's smothered chuckle, but before I had sufficiently regained control over my own feelings to venture upon a suitable reply, the entire party had drawn forward, the leader pressing so close to my side that I felt safer with my face well shaded.

"Where is your escort, major?" he asked, and the gruffness of his tone put me instantly on defense.

"Just behind us," I returned, with affected carelessness, and determined now to play out the game, lady or no lady. I was extremely sorry for her, but the cause outweighed her comfort. "The sergeant and I rode out ahead when we heard you coming. Where is the lady?"

He glanced around at the group huddled behind him.

"Third on the left."

"All right, then. Nothing else, I believe;" for I was eager to get away. "Sergeant, just ride in there and lead out her horse. We will have to be moving, gentlemen, for it is a rough road and a dark night."

"Beastly," assented the other, heartily.

I fairly held my breath as Craig rode forward. If one of them should chace to strike a match to light a pipe, or any false movement of Craig's should excite suspicion! If he should even speak, his soft southern drawl would mean instant betrayal. And how coolly he went at it; with a sharp touch of the spur, causing his jaded horse to exhibit such sudden restlessness as to keep the escort well to one side, while I ranged close up to our unwelcome guest, and laying firm hand upon her horse's bit, led forth to where I waited. It was quickly, nobly done, and I could have hugged the fellow.

"Well, good luck to you, major, and a pleasant ride. Remember me to Brennan. Deuced queer, though, why he failed to show up on such an occasion as this."

"He was unfortunate enough to be sent out in the other direction with dispatches—goodnight, gentlemen."

It was sweet music to me to listen to their hoof-beats dying rapidly away behind us as we turned back down the dark road, the sergeant still riding with his one hand grasping the stranger's rein. I endeavored to scan her figure in the blackness, but found the effort useless, as little more than a shadow was visible. Yet it was impressed upon me that she sat straight and firm in the saddle, so I concluded she must be young.

"Madam," I began, seeking to feel my way with caution into her confidence, "I fear you must be quite wearied by your long ride."

She turned slightly at sound of my voice.

"Not at all, sir; I am merely eager to push on. Besides, my ride has not been a long one, as we merely came from General Sigel's headquarters."

The voice was pleasantly modulated and refined.

"Ah, yes, certainly," I stammered, fearful lest I had made a grave mistake. "But really I had supposed General Sigel was at Centerville."

"He advanced to Bear creek yesterday," she returned quietly. "So you see we had covered scarcely more than three miles when we met. How much farther is it to where Major Brennan is stationed?"

I fear I was guilty of hesitancy, but it was only for a moment.

"I am unable to tell exactly, for, as it chances, I have never yet been in the camp, but I should judge that two hours' riding will cover the distance."

"Why," in a tone of sudden surprise, "Captain Hale certainly told me it was all of twenty miles!"

"From Bear creek?" I questioned eagerly, for it was my turn to feel startled now. "The map barely makes it ten."

"It is but ten, and scarcely that, by the direct White Briar road; or, at at least, so I heard some of the younger officers say; but it seems the Confederate pickets are posted so close to the White Briar that my friends decided it would be unsafe to proceed that way."

This was news indeed—news so unexpected and startling that I forgot all caution.

"Then what road do they call this?"

She laughed at my evident ignorance, as well as the eagerness of my tone.

"Really, you are a most peculiar guide," she exclaimed gayly. "You almost convince me that you are lost. Fortunately, sir, out of my vast knowledge of this mysterious region, I am able to enlighten you to some extent. We are now riding due southward along the Allentown pike."

Craig leaned forward so as to look across her horse's neck to where I rode on the opposite side.

"May I speak a word, sir?" he asked, cautiously.

"Certainly, sergeant; do you make anything out of all this?"

"Yes, sir;" he answered eagerly. "I know now exactly how we missed it, and where we are. The cut-off to the White Briar I spoke to you about this afternoon cannot be more than a hundred yards below here."

"Ride ahead carefully then, and see if you can locate it. Be cautious; there may be a picket stationed there. We will halt where we are until you return."

He swung forward his carbine where it would be handy for instant service and trotted ahead into the darkness. The woman's horse, being comparatively fresh and restless, danced a little in an effort to follow, but I restrained him with a light hand on the bit, and we sat waiting in silence.

I was eager to be off, to make up by hard riding the tedious delay of this night's work, and constantly listening in dread for some sounds of struggle down the roadway. But all remained silent until I could dimly distinguish the returning hoof-beats of the sergeant's horse; and so anxious was I to economize time that I was already urging our mounts forward when his shadow grew black in front, and he wheeled in at my side.

"No picket, sir."

"Very well, sergeant; when we come to the turn you are to ride a few rods in advance of us, and will set a good pace, for we must make up for all this lost time."

"Very well, sir; here is the turn—to your right."

I could dimly distinguish the opening designated, and as we wheeled into it he at once clapped spurs to his horse and forged ahead. In another moment he had totally disappeared, and as I urged our reluctant mounts to more rapid speed all sound of his progress was instantly lost in the pounding of our own hoofs on the hard road.

CHAPTER IV.

A Woman With a Temper.

I think we must have been fully an hour at it, riding at no mean pace, and with utter disregard of danger. Although I knew little of where we were, and nothing as to the condition of the path we traversed, yet so complete was my confidence in Craig that I felt no hesitancy in blindly following the pace he set. Then a black shape loomed up before us so suddenly that it was only by a quick effort I prevented a collision. Even as I held my horse poised half in air, I perceived it was Craig himself who blocked the way.

"What is it, sergeant?"

"A picket, sir, at the end of the road," he said, quietly. "I kinder reckoned they'd hev some sort o' guard thar, so I crept up on the quiet ter be

sure. The feller helped me out a bit by strikin' a match ter see what time 'twas, or I reckon I'd a walked over him in ther dark."

"Had we better ride him down?" I asked, thinking only how rapidly the night hours were speeding and of the importance of the duty pressing upon us.

"Not with ther woman, sir," he answered in a low, reproachful voice. "Besides we never could git through without a shot, an' if by any dern luck it should turn out to be a cavalry outpost—an' I sorter reckon that's what it is—why, our horses are in no shape fer a hard run. You uns better wait here, sir, an' let me tend ter that soger man quiet like, an' then p'raps we uns kin all slip by without a stirrin' up ther patrol."

"Well," I said, reluctantly, yielding to what I felt was doubtless the wiser course, and mechanically grasping the rein he held out to me, "go ahead. But be careful, and don't waste any time. If we hear the sound of a shot we shall ride forward under spur."

"All right, sir, but there'll be no fuss, fer I know just whar ther feller is."

Time seems criminally long when one is compelled to wait in helpless uncertainty, every nerve on strain.

"Hold yourself ready for a sudden start," I said, warningly to my companion. "If there is any noise of a struggle yonder I shall drive in the spurs."

As I spoke I swung the sergeant's horse around to my side, where I could control him more readily.

There was no reply from the woman, but I noticed she endeavored to draw together the flapping cape of her cloak, as though she felt chilled by the wind and her figure seemed to stiffen in the saddle.

It came at last—not the sharp flash of a musket cleaving the night in twain, but merely the tall figure of the sergeant, stealing silently out of the gloom like a black ghost, and standing at our very horses' heads.

"All clear, sir," he reported in a matter-of-fact tone. "But we shall hev ter move mighty quiet, fer ther main picket post ain't more nor a hundred yards ter the right o' ther crossin'."

He did not remount, but, with reins flung loosely over his arm, led the way slowly forward, and carefully we followed him.

What had become of the sentinel I did not know, respecting Craig's evident desire for silence; but as we drew nearer the White Briar road I sought in vain to pierce the dense gloom and note some sign of a struggle, some darker shadow where a body might be lying. There was nothing visible to tell the story.

The sergeant walked without the least hesitation across the open space, directly into the deep shadows opposite, where the cross-road continued to hold way. Crouching low in the saddle, we followed him as silently as though we were but spirits of the night. Up the road I caught the red gleam of a fire almost spent, and a black figure crossed us, casting an odd shadow against the face of the rock where it was lighted by the flickering red blaze. It was all over in a moment, a mere glimpse, but it formed one of those sudden pictures which paint themselves on the brain and can never after be effaced. I recall yet the long shade cast by the man's gun, the grotesque shape of his flapping army overcoat, the quick change in the silhouette as he wheeled to retrace his beat. But there was no noise, not even the sound of his footsteps, reaching us. Even as I gazed, lying open at full length upon my horse, we had crossed the open, and a perfect tangle of low bushes hid us as completely as if we had entered the yawning mouth of a cavern.

A hundred yards or more of sharply curving road densely lined with shrubbery on either hand, and then Craig swung into saddle and again gave spur to his horse.

"We must ride for it now," he said, tersely. "When thet patrol makes their round, them fellers will be after us hot."

I urged my tired horse to a gallop, pressing upon Craig's heels as closely as I dared; nor did I glance back, for I knew well that a dead picket was lying somewhere by the cross-roads, and that his comrades would be heard from before dawn. We were moving bravely now; for the road under foot grew better as we advanced, and gave back the dull thud of soft earth instead of the rattling clang of the rocks we had been so long accustomed to. Then, suddenly, my horse was jerked almost to a standstill, the hand upon his bit seemingly as hard as my own, and I wheeled in the saddle, pressing my knees tightly to prevent being thrown, only to perceive the woman tugging desperately at the lines.

"What now?" I asked sharply, and in sudden anger I forced her to release her grasp. "We must ride, and ride hard, madam, to be out of this cordon by daylight."

"Ride where?"

She faced me stiffly, and there was a slight sting in her voice, I felt.

"Where?" I repeated; then partially gathering my scattered wits: "Why, to the camp we are seeking, of course."

I was conscious that her eyes were striving anxiously to see my face in the darkness—that her suspicions were now fully aroused; yet her quick retort surprised me.

"You lie!" she said, coldly. "That was a Federal picket he killed."

It was no time for argument, and I knew it. Craig, noting our pause, had ridden back, and reined in beside us without a word.

"You are right," I said, tersely. "In one sense of the word you are a prisoner, for the time being, at least, but not through any wish of mine. We do not make war on women, and your being in this situation is altogether an accident. However, be that as it may, we must, first of all, protect ourselves. I would very gladly leave you with your friends, if possible, but as things have shaped themselves there remains but one alternative—you must ride as I order."

"You—you are not Major Brennan's friend then? You were not sent by Frank to meet me?" The questions burst from her lips so rapidly that I scarcely caught their import.

"I am Captain Phillip Wayne, —th Virginia cavalry, at your service, madam," I said, calmly, "and to the best of my knowledge I have not the pleasure of Major Brennan's acquaintance."

She suddenly lifted the heavy riding whip that was clenched in her right hand, struck me with it full across the face, and then, as I quickly flung up my own arm to ward off a second blow, she sent the lash swirling down upon the flank of her horse. With one bound the maddened animal wrenched the reins from out my hands, nearly dragging me from the saddle, and swerving sharply to the left. There was a shock, a smothered oath, a moment's fierce struggle in the darkness, the sharp sting of the whip as it came down once, twice—then silence, broken only by deep breathing.

"I've got her, captain," chuckled the sergeant, softly, 'b'ut dog-gone it I know what to do with her."

There was small sentiment of mercy in my heart as I drew up toward them, for my cheek burned where the lash had struck as though scorched with fire; but when I saw her leaning helplessly forward on her horse's neck, all bravado gone, her hands pinioned behind her in the iron grasp of the sergeant, my fierce resentment died away within me.

"Let her hands go, Craig," I commanded, briefly.

She lifted her body slightly from its cramped, uncomfortable posture, but her head remained bowed.

"Madam,"—I spoke sternly, for moments were of value now—"listen to what I say. We are Confederate soldiers passing through the Federal lines with dispatches. In order to save ourselves from discovery and capture we were compelled to take you in charge. It was the fortune of war. If now we could honorably leave you here we would most gladly do so, for having you with us adds vastly to our own danger; but these mountains are simply overrun with wandering guerrillas who would show you neither respect nor mercy. We simply dare not, as honorable men, leave you here unprotected, and consequently you must continue to ride in our company. Now answer me plainly, will you proceed quietly, or shall we be compelled to tie you to your horse?"

I knew she was crying; but with an effort she succeeded in steadying her voice sufficient to reply:

"I will go," she said.

"Thank you," and I gravely lifted my hat as I spoke. "You have saved

I Quickly Flung Up My Arm to Ward Off a Second Blow.

me a most unpleasant duty. You may ride on, sergeant; this lady and I will follow, as before."

She scarcely changed her posture as I spurred forward, riding now so close to her side that I could feel the flap of her saddle rise and fall against my knee. Whatever of evil she may have thought of us, I felt that she was sorry enough now for her hasty action, and I forgot the pain that yet stung me, and longed, without well knowing how, to tell her so.

CHAPTER V.

A Disaster on the Road.

To me she was merely a woman whom it had become my duty to protect, and whatever of chivalrous feeling I may have held toward her was based upon nothing deeper than this knowledge. She had come to us undesired and in darkness, her form enveloped in a cavalry cloak, her face shrouded by the night. As to whether she was young or old I had scarce means of knowing, saving only that the tone of her voice and the graceful manner of her riding made me confident that she had not lost the agility of youth. But beyond this vague impression (it was little more), and a fleeting gleam of the starlight in her eyes as she faced me in anger, I was as totally unaware of how she really looked as though we had never met. Her very name was unknown to me. Who was this Major Brennan? Was he father, brother or husband? and was her name Brennan also? For some reason this last possibility was repugnant to me. Yet I knew not why.

"You ride as though born to the saddle," I said pleasantly; and although I spoke low, we were so close together that my voice carried distinctly to her ears. "We have been sufficiently conceited to suppose that to be an accomplishment peculiar to our Southern women."

"I have been accustomed to ride since childhood," she replied rather shortly, and I was conscious of a restraint in her manner far from pleasing. Yet I ventured upon one more effort at conversation.

"Is Major Brennan an officer on Sheridan's staff?"

"I was not aware"—and I could not mistake the accent of vindictiveness in her voice—"that prisoners were obliged to converse against their will."

"I ask your pardon, I am sure," I returned soberly. "But my question was not altogether an idle one. I have chanced to meet several of General Sheridan's staff, and thought possibly Major Brennan might have been of their number. Seeing that we must associate for a time, I naturally felt it would prove pleasanter for both of us if we might discover some mutual tie."

There was no response.

The road we were following here took a sudden trend downward, and we could tell from the sharper ring of the hoofs, and the spitting of flinty sparks beneath us, that we were among rocks once more. Then our horses suddenly splashed into water, and I held them up long enough to drink. I felt thirst strongly myself, and slipping out of the saddle filled my canteen.

"Would you care for a drink?" I asked, stemming the stream to reach her side, and holding the vessel within easy grasp of her hand.

I actually believe her first impulse was to refuse haughtily this proffered civility from an enemy of her country, but the deep sense of need conquered her to accept the offering. Another hill followed, and then another, and finally we swept swiftly down a long slope densely bordered by trees and with irregular piles of rock uprearing ugly heads on either hand. I caught a swift glimpse of a rough log house on the right, so set back among trees that I half doubted its real existence, when—there was a slip, the crunching of a stone, a long stumble forward that fairly wrenched my hand loose from the woman's rein, and then, hopelessly struggling to regain his feet, my horse went down with a crash, head under, and I was hurled heavily forward upon my face. Craig, startled at the sudden crash behind him, spurred back to learn the full extent of my disaster. By this time I had regained my feet.

"I'm all right, I think, sergeant," I said hastily, "but the sorrel has broken her neck."

He began to swear at our ill luck, but I stopped him with a gesture he knew better than to ignore.

"Enough of that," I commanded, sternly. "Bad fortune is seldom bettered by hard words. First of all, help me to drag this dead body out of sight."

On one side of us the bank fell away with such precipitancy that when we once succeeded in dragging our load to the edge we experienced no difficulty in sending it crashing downward. The body plunged through the thick underbrush at the bottom of the ogre, where I knew it would be completely hidden, even in the glare of daylight, from the spying eyes of any troopers riding hard upon our track. As we rapidly worked on this disagreeable task, I thought and planned; two horses and three riders—one of these a woman in need of protection—a dispatch to be delivered by daylight, at all hazards. It was indeed a difficult proposition, and I saw only a single possible solution. One of our number must press on; two of us must remain behind. Which one? what two? If I rode with the dispatch (and how eagerly I longed to do so!) and succeeded in bringing Lee's message safe to Longstreet, it meant much to me—promotion, distinction, honor. On the other hand, if I remained behind, and Craig successfully carried out the duty which had been especially intrusted to me, I should be fortunate indeed to escape with a reprimand instead of more serious consequences. If failure resulted, it meant certain and deserved disgrace. Yet I could absolutely trust him with the dispatch; he was a soldier, and would faithfully perform a soldier's duty. More, he would carry the message with even greater certainty than I, for he knew the roads much better, and—I write the words hesitatingly—I could not trust him there alone with the woman.

I glanced aside at him as I thus turned the perplexing situation over in my mind—a tall, gaunt mountaineer, whose sole discipline of mind and body had been the army; hardened by service until every muscle in his lean, sinewy frame was like steel, a cavalryman who would follow his leader into the very jaws of hell, but whose morals were those of the camp, and whose face revealed audacious deviltry such as no man would care to see in one to whom he intrusted the welfare of sister or wife.

"Sergeant," I asked, flinging aside the improvised brush, "how far do you suppose we are from Longstreet's picket line?"

"Ten miles at the very best, sir," he answered promptly, "an' I reckon with another Yankee outpost atween."

"With fair luck and good riding it might be made by daylight?"

"I reckon as how it might; captain, if we only hed sum fresh hosses," he said glumly; "but it's bin mighty hard on my nag; I've looked for him to roll over like yer sorrel did for the last two mile."

"Well, Craig, you shall have both horses. Ride the woman's. It is the fresher of the two; but you are to get through if you kill them both and then walk."

His face brightened, and he raised his hand in salute.

"And you?" he asked, wonderingly.

"I remain with the woman; there is no other way. Wait here a moment while I speak with her."

I left him standing there, and moved back to where she waited. As I came up she faced me, and for the first time (for the night had lightened somewhat) I could see her eyes and discern some faint outline of her face where the night wind flung back the upturned cape. It was a winsome sight to soldier vision, but with a certain semblance of pride and reserve about it that caused a hesitancy in my speech strange to me.

"Madam,"—I rested my hand upon her horse's mane and looked at her with a glance as proud as her own—"it might be as well for you to draw the cape closer about your face at present. There are rough men in all armies who would consider your beauty a lawless prize. The life we lead is not conducive to gentleness; virtue is not born in camps, and it would be better not to provoke a danger which may be so easily avoided."

"You claimed, I believe, to be an officer and a gentleman," she said coldly.

I smiled, even as I felt the full chill of her words, and my purpose stiffened within me.

"Even as I yet claim, and trust to be able to prove to your satisfaction," —my eyes looked unfalteringly into hers—"but unfortunately, I have one with me tonight who is neither. I would that he were for my own sake. However, madam, let that pass. The fact is here, and we have no time to argue or quarrel. I have already told you that we ride with dispatches for Longstreet. These must go forward at all hazards, for thousands of human lives depend upon them; yet I dare not leave you here alone and unprotected to the mercies of the wolves who haunt these hills."

"You are exceedingly kind."

The tone in which she spoke was most sarcastic.

"I thank you for your approbation," and I bowed again; "but I venture to tell you this merely because I have already fully determined to dispatch the sergeant forward with the message, and remain behind myself to render you every protection possible."

"Very well, sir; I simply yield to what I am powerless to avoid, and will obey your orders however distasteful they may be. What is your first command?"

"That you dismount. The sergeant must ride your horse, as he is the more fit of the two."

Greatly to my surprise and relief she placed her gauntleted hand in mine, and, without so much as a word of protest, permitted me to swing her lightly from the saddle to the ground.

"Craig," I called, "come here."

"You know your work," I said to him briefly. "And now the sooner you are at it the better. Ride this horse and lead your own. As soon as you deliver Lee's message at headquarters, hunt up the cavalry brigade commander and report to him my position. Get a detail, insist upon one, and be back here by to-morrow without fail. That is all."

He saluted, wheeled about, swung lightly into saddle and rode off on a rapid trot, grasping, as he passed down the hill, the rein of his own mount, and leading it, lagging behind him, until the night swallowed the figures, and even the sound of the hoof-beats could be no longer heard. We were alone.

(Continued next week.)

Gold Revealed by Dream.

Wye Mills, a small village in Talbot county, Md., is excited over the realization of a dream of buried treasure. Some gold has been found and with it directions for digging for more. The dream came to Rachel Stansbury, a colored woman, at her home in Philadelphia, and was followed, she declares, by a visitation from her dead uncle, John Scott, who urged her to act upon the hint.

She and her uncle, Emery Stansbury, went to the spot described in the dream, near their old home at Wye Mills, and began digging. Three feet under the surface they found a box containing three gold tokens of irregular shape, each about the size of a silver quarter. In the box was a paper, falling to pieces from age, in which was written: "More money buried here deeper down. Dig fast and get it."

Stansbury and his wife are doing their best to "dig fast" and want help, but the negroes of the neighborhood are superstitious and will not approach the place.

Getting In Touch.

Congressman William F. Murray of Massachusets related an amusing incident which took place during his newspaper days. Assigned to cover a case out of town, Mr. Murray called his office up on the telephone late at night and asked for the city editor. This gentleman, who was a trifle absent-minded, picked up the receiver and said: "Well, Murray, how near are you to a telephone?"

Realistic.

"You have too much rouge on, my dear, to enact properly a milkmaid."

"Have I, sir? But I thought a milkmaid should be rosy cheeked."

"On the contrary, a milkmaid is naturally a pail girl."

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FACTS ABOUT SUICIDE

SAXONY LEADS IN NUMBER AND IRELAND IS LAST.

Self-Murder Far More Prevalent Among Men Than Among Women —Former Seem to Prefer Hanging and Latter Drowning.

Modern conditions in all countries are such that the subject of suicide must occasionally come under discussion in every community of any size. Not that suicide is of modern origin, for history shows that it occurred in very ancient times, but those who have made a study of the subject maintain, and probably with reason, that the highly organized conditions of modern society and the social abnormalities and nerve disturbances incident thereto, promote and strengthen the suicidal tendency. This may be mere theory, but statistics do show that it is more prevalent in some countries than in others. Statistics covering a term of years show that during the entire period of observation Ireland had the fewest annual number of suicides, seventeen to the million of inhabitants, and Saxony, the largest number, 392 to the million. Denmark showed 261 per annual to the million inhabitants; Switzerland, 239, France 180, Belgium 100, England and Wales 75. The Swiss people are commonly supposed to be happy and comparatively free from care, and it seems strange that the average suicide rate should be several hundred per cent. greater in Switzerland than in Ireland.

On another point statistics are more conclusive, for they show that in all countries the proportion of suicides is three or four men to one woman, and that this proportion continues from year to year. The fair inference would seem to be either that men are more subject to the suicidal tendency than women or else that they yield to it more readily. Either supposition opens a field for biological and metaphysical speculation. Another curious fact disclosed by the statistics is that suicide is much more common among Protestant than amongst Roman Catholic communities, while Jews have a smaller suicide rate than Roman Catholics. It is also demonstrated that self-murder, as suicide is styled by Christian ethics and law, is more common among the educated than the illiterate classes, and more prevalent in city than in rural districts. These facts might be acounted for on the theory that educated people are more sensitive to misfortune than the illiterate, and the nerveus strain of city life greater than that of country life. The suicide rate is higher in certain occupations and professions than in others. It is high among soldiers and doctors.

As to the modes of suicide they are found to vary but slightly in different countries. Hanging is the most common among males; then drowning, firearms, knife cuts and poison, in the order named. With women a different order prevails, viz., first drowning, then poison, hanging and knife cuts and firearms.

Too Deep for Men.

The fact is that women are uncomfortable if they are not fashionably dressed, relates Katherine F. Gerould in Atlantic. No man understands the subtle and complex significance of the phrase "nothing to wear"—witness the distressed but utterly puzzled expression that overspreads a man's face at the words. He knows that his wife or his sister looks charming in "the blue one," or "the lace one," or "the one with the jet." She has looked charming in it often enough for him at last to identify it—and that, unless he is an exception to his sex, is very often. He is cheerfully getting into his evening coat for the fiftieth time. No wonder he does not realize that some frock which, the first time it was worn, made for triumph, should, the tenth time, make for humiliation. But the most strong-minded woman—the woman who will, if necessary go to the opera on a gala night in a coat and skirt—at heart exonerates the woman who so foolishly, for the reason mentioned, stops at home.

Strong Man Story.

"You may talk about Gotch being a strong man," said a gentleman from Butte, Mont., who is visiting in the city, "but I met a fellow in Minneapolis who had the prize strong man champion of the world story.

"It came out in a discussion of the Gotch-Hackenschmidt wrestling bout. One man made the assertion that Gotch was about as strong a man as there is in the country or the world. The Norwegian was quiet for a moment, then interposed:

"'Ay got bruder in woods, he ban better man than Gotch.'

"'Better than Gotch? How do you make that out?'

"'Well, my brudder he drive log team. One day team he balk and my brudder he got so mad he tak' one log 'bout ten foot long and three foot thick in one hand, and he tak' nodder log 'bout ten foot long and three foot think in odder hand and he smash dem together until all is lef is sawdust.'"

Judging Character.

"That man Mehitabel married has a lot of foresight," said Farmer Cornstossel.

"He looked kind of worried an' scared at the weddin'," replied his wife.

"That's what I mean. He has foresight."

ASK YOURSELF THESE

TEST OF "WHAT'S THE USE" FOR THE SELF-SATISFIED.

Here Are a Few Pertinent Suggestions for Daily Living That Will Help to Make You and Your Friends Happier.

That old cry of "cui bono" is supposed to be the hallmark of the pessimist, but many a self-satisfied one would do well to put the test of "What's the use" to her daily living.

What's the use of stinting so hard for a rainy day that you get no fun out of the passing sunny ones? This was the motto of the late Edwin Abbey, and the woman who prides herself on her thrift and reviles the spendthrift habits of her friend will do well to ponder it.

What's the use of a charitable purse and an uncharitable tongue? Kind words are infinitely more than coronets—or donations on a subscription list.

What's the use of playing the amiable role in society and a snapdragon in the family circle? Walls have ears, also neighbors have tongues and the real you is not unknown.

What's the use of posing as a pedant with a dime novel taste? Mentality does not need labeling, and you'll never convince the person with brains that you prefer Darwin to the Duchess.

What's the use of being a cat to your best girl friend because of a man? The girl will get even and the man sees through you.

What's the use of ruining your health to gratify your ambition? The quicker a woman learns the unhappiness of life when half ill the bigger chance she stands of success.

What's the use of spending money on skin specialists and digestive tablets while dallying with the things you shouldn't eat?

What's the use of playing young when the years have you in their grip? Age is not so unlovely that the aging should treat it as a disgrace. Far better a charming old woman than a pitiable mimicry of youth.

What's the use of getting down on your luck? There is nothing like a smile to boost you out of the mire.

What's the use of kicking? It doesn't make life any sweeter to think yourself a victim—nor does it increase your popularity.

What's the use of cultivating automobile tastes on a walking income? There's joy and health in a good walk if you once fight the speed craze.

What's the use of striving for the big puddle when you would be so much happier in the small one. Learning one's limitations saves heartache.

What's the use of reading reams on the thinning process with a taste for candy and potatoes fully gratified? Equally, what's the use of a fortune in stays and uncurbed appetite and laziness?

What's the use of slipshod work? This is an age that demands our best; if we give counterfeit we pay a counterfeiter's penalty.

What's the use of sham of any kind? One need not be brutally rude to be sincere. It is the untrained taste that prefers ormolu to the gold nugget.

Johnny Defines a Good Boy.

A distinguished visitor was making a short address to the Sunday school.

"I am glad to see so many nice boys and girls assembled here today," he began. "You are the kind of boys I like. You know there are several kinds of boys. There are boys that are always punctual at school, always have their faces and hands washed, always know their lessons and never play hookey. We call they good boys.

"Then there are the boys that like to torture cats and rob birds' nests and bully boys that are smaller than themselves and steal apples from the grocery stands and smoke cigarettes and all that sort of thing. These we call bad boys. Yes, there are several kinds of boys. Now perhaps you can tell me what kind of boys go to heaven?"

Up went Johnny's hand like a flash.

"Well, my little man, said the visitor, smiling complacently and nodding his head at Johnny, "what kind of boys go to heaven?"

"Dead ones!" shouted Johnny at the top of his voice.

Ruskin as a Grocer.

Ruskin was once a grocer. In 1874 he opened a shop in Paddington street, Notting Hill, in order, as he announced, "to supply the poor with pure tea in packets as small as they chose to buy, without making a profit on the subdivision, large orders being, of course, equally acceptable from anybody who cares to promote honest dealing." The shop did not attract. Ruskin complained in Fors Clavigera that "the poor only like to buy their tea where it is brilliantly lighted and eloquently ticketed, and as I resolutely refuse to compete with my neighboring tradesmen either in gas or rhetoric, the patient subdivision of my parcels passes little recognized as an advantage by my uncalculating public." The shop soon closed down and the grocery trade lost the most distinguished representative it is ever likely to possess.—London Chronicle.

Observing the Proprieties.

"Everybody starts in to say something when I begin to play," protested the distinguished musician.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Cumrox, "people are so stupid. Just because I call it a piano recital everybody seems to feel called upon to remark."

HIS PHENOMENAL GIRL

SHE UNDOUBTEDLY WAS ONE OF THE SMARTEST EVER.

But Somehow the Father Failed Miserably in His Attempt to Convince the Man With the Square Jaw About Her.

A man with a Muttandjeff face and watery blue eyes boarded a car the other morning along with a tall man with a wide jaw and square-toed shoes.

"Well, sir," said the man with the Muttandjeff face as soon as they were seated, "that little girl of mine is certainly the greatest—"

"For my part," interrupted the firm-jawed man, "I think about half the members of congress could be arrested for taking money under false pretenses. They don't do a lick of work—just show up often enough to draw their pay. It's an outrage."

The man with the comic-picture countenance looked puzzled.

"I guess you didn't quite understand me," he said after a brief pause. "I was going to tell you a funny thing that little girl of mine said this—"

"Blamed if there ain't another tree that was blown over in the last big storm," remarked the strong-faced passenger calmly.

"Er-yes," replied the man with the watery blue eyes. "Well, this little girl of mine is the brightest—"

"On thing about that recent tariff session of congress," cut in the other man, "that pleased me is the fact that business kept going right ahead just as if nothing out of the ordinary was happening. They can muss around with the tariff all they've a mind to down at Washington, but people seem to be going right ahead turning out finished products and disposing of them at the old stand."

"Well, when she came down to the breakfast table this morning," pursued the parent of the phenomenal young one, "she looked at the buckwheat cakes on the table and—"

"Say, now you're talking," said the square-jawed man. "A lot of people quit eating buckwheat cakes when the warm weather comes along, but I eat 'em well into the summer. I'm crazy about buckwheat cakes. What kind do you have at your house—the old-fashioned buckwheat or the new-fangled self-raising kind?"

"Wh-uh-er, I don't know what kind my wife usually buys. Anyhow, as soon as my little girl saw the buckwheat cakes she—"

"Pretty hard to get anything as good as the old-fashioned things. Same way with maple sirup. The kind they have in the groceries may be on the level and all that, but give me the sort my uncle used to bring in to us from his farm when I was a kid. It'd be as thick as crude oil and with a flavor that was absolutely the best ever."

"That so?" weakly inquired the father of the extraordinary little girl.

"Well, she looked at those cakes solemnly for a minute, and then she looked first at her mother and then at me, and then she pointed at the cakes, and—"

"Speaking of pointing, I had a pointer dog die on me a week before last that I wouldn't have taken $200 for. Just got him last fall, and he was as good a dog to take hunting as I ever saw. Just broke me all up when I found him dead."

"But see here," said the man with the weak eyes, "I wasn't saying anythink about—"

"Well, here's where I get off," said the larger man. "Glad to've seen you. Take care of yourself." And he hurried to the front end of the car to alight.

"Any man," he growled, as he walked across the street, "who thinks he can bore me all the way downtown with tales of the scintillating brilliance of his offspring when I want to look over my morning paper has got to run up from behind when I'm not looking and bind and gag me, and even then he'd find me pretty hard to handle."

They Were "Ulys" and "Mrs. G."

Mrs. Grant had no secretary to attend to her correspondence, the great bulk of which was referred to the office for action. She used to receive an enormous number of appeals for help, for charities, for assistance, in aid of almost every cause that could be imagined. Being a warm-hearted, sympathetic woman, some of these appeals made a strong impression upon her. I can remember several instances when Mrs. Grant requested her husband to give this person or that a position that was asked for, or to accede to some other request of like nature. She always called the president "Ulys," and excepting upon the most formal occasions, he always addressed her as Mrs. G. Both the president and his wife were plain people, simple in their tastes to an extent that would cause surprise today, when everything has so changed throughout the social fabric of the entire nation.—W. H. Cook in "Memories of the White House."

Plain Evidence.

"I bought some wine the other day, and I astonished the clerk who waited on me by telling him I noticed he was a spiritualist."

"What made you observe that?"

"Because when he prepared the bottle for me, I noticed he was engaged in spirit wrapping."—Baltimore American.

SLANG BY NO MEANS NEW

Familiar Phrase "Get the Hook" Has Come Down to Present Times From Long Ago.

"We are accustomed to having accepted ideas about the freshness and originality of our slang held up to the scorn and mockery of the initiated," said a member of a group of amateur archaeologists and antiquarians which meets regularly in one of the New York clubs.

"How often we have seized upon some newly coined phrase, some apparently unique product from the great popular language mint, and advanced it as a genuine invention of the day, only to discover that it was known to generations past in almost identical form and is truly an old coin restamped.

"Everybody is familiar with the phrase 'get the hook.' It has been established in current speech as a slang expression of peculiar vigor and terseness. Almost anyone could tell you that it originated in the amateur nights at popular vaudeville theaters where aspirants for fame are given a chance to try their powers upon an audience, and that it refers to the implement with which the stage manager brings about the actor's forcible exit when the audience can stand no more. Cat calls and jeers failing to extinguish the ardor of the performer, there is a demand for 'the hook' and the unhappy artist is dragged into the wings, willy nilly.

"From this application the phrase has come into general use for all occasions when one is bored or wearied of anything or anybody.

"Now on the face of it this looks like a truly modern bit of slang. It can be traced, apparently, to a modern custom and a modern method of entertainment. You would say, off hand, that 'the hook' is a genuine Americanism if ever there was one.

"Not at all. It is at least 19 centuries old, possibly older than that.

"Among the most interesting discoveries in the ruins of Pompeii, destroyed 79 A. D., are the inscriptions scratched upon the walls by idlers and street arabs, 'graffiti,' they are called.

"One of them reads as follows:

"'Puteolanis felicitor, omnibus Nucherinus felicia, et uncu(m) Pompeianis (et) Pitecusanis.'

"Which means, 'Hurrah for the Puteolaneans; good luck to all Nucerians; the hook for the Pompeiians and Pithecusans.'"

Kindness to Animals.

"A little color from the Potrero"—so a genial friend informs the San Francisco Chronicle.

"Far out on the very edge of town is a little school house, the first and second grades of which are commanded by a pretty little normal school graduate.

"Her pupils are all sons and daughters of the warmer sort of impulsive foreigners and have all reached a state of adoration for their queen and vie with each other in ways to please her.

"One day she had dwelt especially upon loving and caring for dumb animals. The next day little Pietro remained in his seat when his schoolmates dropped out to play.

"Teacher was busy at her desk and did not notice him until she felt a little fist tugging at her sleeve.

"'Why, Pietro!' she exclaimed, 'what is the trouble?'

"'Nothin', teacher. I just wanted to tell you how I was good to dumb animals yesterday,' he promptly replied.

"'Why, isn't that nice! Pietro, just what did you do?'

"Pietro drew himself up to his full three feet and proudly asserted:

"'I kissed the cat.'"

Cochineal Scarlet.

It is the opinion of Leon Diguet, who has been studying the state of the cochineal industry in Mexico for some time, that before many years have passed cochineal scarlet will have become a thing of history only, like the Tyrian purple of antiquity. I wonder how many people are aware of the method of manufacture of this well known dye. It is made from the dried female of the cochineal insects (Coccus cacti). They are gathered by brushing the branches of the nopal cactus, on which the insects feed as soon as they begin to lay their eggs. They are then desiccated in ovens or filled with boiling water. It has been estimated that one pound of cochineal contains no fewer than 70,000 distinct insects. The color is brought out and fixed by chloride of tin. Only a few plantations of the nopal cactus now remain, hence the fear that the dye will soon become a thing of the past, at any rate unless some other substance is found on which to feed the insects.

Calendar Reform in China.

From Peking it is announced that the Chinese government is about to drop the troublesome moon from its calendar and follow the practice of western nations in using only the sun. The present Chinese year began on January 30 and is the year 48 of the seventy-sixth cycle, a cycle consisting of 60 years and the first year of the first cycle occurring B. C. 2637. But owing to the use of the moon the number of days in the year varies considerably. Ordinarily there are 12 lunations or months, but once in 30 lunations a thirteenth lunation is added to the year, as a result of which the year can be as short as 354 days or as long as 384 days. The months are more regular than our own, alternating between 29 and 30 days. The Chinese year commences with the [illegible] seasons with...

PICTURES OF OLD FRANCE

La Valliere's Brilliant Youth and the Contrasting Scene of a Few Years Later.

The festivities and intrigues of Fontainebleau and Versailles may seem a far cry from this old Chateau of Blois, but, standing this afternoon in the rooms that had echoed to the light footsteps of Louise de La Valliere in the days of her youth and innocence, distance and the centuries between that day and this seem to fall away, and we picture to ourselves the court of honor and salle de reception as they appeared on the night of the arrival of the court at Blois. The fast-fading light lent a semblance of reality to the scene, as the torches and candles used in those early days could not have brilliantly lighted the vast hall. We see the chairs placed in a half-circle for the accommodation of the royal guests, the king's not an inch higher than that of Mazarin or of the queen, Anne of Austria. The astute Italian prime minister is seated, his body bent, his face pallid, the hand of death is already laid heavily upon him; but his mind is as keen and alert as in youth, his eyes as penetrating. The courtiers are grouped around Mazarin, the real king.

Gaston, the indolent father of an energetic and courageous daughter, is talking to him, and chroniclers of the day tell us that the duke of Orleans was an admirable raconteur. The Grande Mademoiselle, now over thirty and in the full flower of a beauty which, according to Petitot's miniature and her own rose-colored descriptions, was not inconsiderable, is in another group at one side of the hall, with her half-sisters and the other young girls of the house, among them Louise de La Valliere, whom Madame de Sevigne likened later to a modest violet hiding beneath its leaves; but not so successfully concealed as to evade the eyes of royalty.

In strong contrast to this scene is another and later picture in a far different setting, in the dim, religious light of a convent, where a woman still young and in the full maturity of her beauty is taking the veil, which is held for her, the former royal favorite, by Queen Maria Teresa, the neglected wife of Louis.—Lippincott's Magazine.

An Elopement Fifty Years Ago.

Married in La Crosse fifty years ago, the culmination of a pioneer day romance of the sort that is read about in fiction, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Dougherty celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at their home at Rodeo, N. M.

But one witness of the marriage is alive, and he James W. Young of La Crosse, told the story of the wedding, which follows:

"William Dougherty was born in Vermilion county, Ind., and so was his wife, whose maiden name was Mary Catherine Hiler. It seems that at the time of the wedding the girl's parents objected to the young man's attentions, which made it necessary for several other young fellows and myself to help the prospective bridegroom out of the difficulty.

"We got a skiff and rowed up the river to the girl's house, where we quietly got her out of the house and into the boat. We then rowed down through French Slough and up to the north side where Mr. Dougherty was waiting for us. We soon had Justice of the Peace Winston on the scene and the necessary ceremony was performed."—La Crosse correspondence St. Paul Despatch.

The Man They Admired.

Several senate clerks and stenographers were gossipping in the Capitol building the other day, telling reminiscences of statesmen past and present, when Senator Cummins of Iowa passed them. "Ah, there's the best of all of them," one remarked. "Right you are," asserted another. "Foraker was great, but, in some respects, this man even surpasses him." "I doubt if this old building ever forgets his memory," sighed a third. "Wonderful in debate!" was the fourth man's contribution. "No man was ever his equal in the hullaballoo of a hot fight on the floor." A stranger had listened to the praises, following Senator Cummins with his eyes as long as he could. "Who is he?" he asked eagerly, "Some famous orator? The country's leading statesman, perhaps? A political genius?" "Genius nothing!" grunted one of the stenographers. "Why that man's the slowest talker of the senate and the easiest to take in shorthand!"

Method in Madness.

Pat Sullivan was a soldier and a good fellow; but in the opinion of officers and men alike he was certainly suffering from some brain affliction, and when on duty or at drill he would suddenly break from the ranks and run after an imaginary bit of paper, visible to no one but himself, shouting as he did so:

"There it goes! There's the paper!"

This at length became so frequent an occurrence that, on the matter being brought before the medical authorities, he was declared to be suffering from a slight attack of insanity, and in consequence he was given his discharge. When leaving, however, he gave evident proof that there was some method in his madness, for as he quitted the service for ever he cried, flourishing his discharge-paper:

"Faith, boys, sure I've got the piece of paper I've been running after this ten' time!"

GRIM STORY OF MISSIONARY

Converted Dyak, Forced by Sweetheart to Hunt Heads, Brought Those of Her Relatives.

The missionary lighted a fresh cigar.

"Yes," he said, "I have seen grim happenings in my time. The grimmest, I suppose, occurred among the Dyak head hunters.

"We had converted a young Dyak, and the lad had abandoned head hunting forever. But he met a girl, a beautiful girl, and then—"

The missionary shook his head and sighed.

"The girl listened to his wooing, for he was a handsome lad, but smoked heads to a Dyak maid are what jewels are to a chorus girl, and with a curl of the lip she said:

"'You vow you love me, but you bring me no heads to prove it.'

"'But I am a Christian,' he replied.

"'When did a Dyak wooer ever go a-wooing without heads?' said she. 'You are not a man; you are a girl!'

"The young convert ground his teeth and left her. The next morning early he staggered into her presence with bloodshot eyes. There was a bag on his shoulder.

"'You asked for heads,' he said. 'Look!'

"And he emptied from the bag onto the floor the heads of her father and her two brothers!"

The missionary smiled sadly.

"That wasn't playing the game," he said. "It's the heads of enemies that the head hunter must bring in, not the heads of one's own brother tribesmen. They shut the young convert in a slatted cage of bamboo to starve to death. He died under his sweetheart's eye."

CALLED HER HIS ANGEL PIE

Negro Cook Didn't Permit Use of Such Language to Her, Especially Over Phone.

The telephone bell rang yesterday afternoon in a South Side apartment. The negro woman cook answered it.

"Hello," she said.

"Is that you, cookie?" asked a man's voice at the other end.

"I'm Mr. B——'s cook, but I ain't no cookie."

"Don't try to fool me, cookie. I know your voice."

"Look heah, what you talkin' about?"

"Now, angel pie, you fooled me once, dear heart, that way, but you can't do it again. You are by little sweet cookie, aren't you?"

"You get away from that telephone. You ahe talkin' like a fool."

With that the receiver was slammed on the hook with all the virtuous indignation of an insulted maiden.

The head of the house was standing near. Turning to him she said still fuming:

"Some man wanted to know ef I wuz 'cookie.' An' he called me somethin' like 'angel pie.' I don' let no man call me them names—specially oveh the telephone."—Kansas City

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